

MAY
No. 75

SICK

35¢

HAS A BETTER IDEA!

UNDERSTANDING

The SPORTS CAR

A HELPFUL GUIDE
TO ADD TO YOUR
CONFUSION!

Sick Fashions:
A new cure
for varicose
veins—
MAXICOATS

TINY TIM LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST

WINNER GETS FREE
PLASTIC SURGERY!

Sick Movie:

ME, BRATALIE

She was so ugly, no doctor
ever asked her to undress!



**IF YOU ARE CALM, ORDERLY
AND ORGANIZED**

**THEN QUIETLY AND METHODICALLY
PACK YOUR BELONGINGS
AND GEDDOUTTA HERE!**

PATRIK

**IF YOU'RE
SO SMART**

**THEN WHY ARE YOU TALKING
TO ME?**

SICK

Volume 10
Number 3
May, 1970
No. 75

● **Never argue with the storekeeper about the high price of food.**
While you're arguing, the price will go up.

THIS MONTH



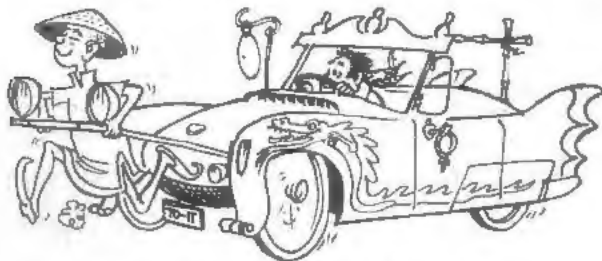
TINY TIM LOOK-ALIKE?



MAGAZINE PARODY



HIAWATHA ON ALCATRAZ



SICK HAS A BETTER IDEA!

NEXT MONTH



THE DAILY NEWS
June 1, 1980
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!

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You are very sick. How dare you print such a thing about beautiful Bobby Sherman (Feb. issue). **HE OUGHT TO SUE YOU!!** When my mother bought that magazine, it was by mistake! I think just throwing it away is too good. I am going to throw it in the fire! When I read your magazine, I felt like urping.

A Bobby Sherman Lover

Ed: Bobby said he can't stand you!

Behold the objective critic, standing alone to report "simply the news. Very simply." Even if the news becomes warped between the actual events and the printed page, it doesn't matter. And so critical you appear to be. No one is spared.

A lot of criticism you toss out has been aimed at people who have and do make obvious their feelings about this nation. Surely you can't be that impartial. Among the criticized are just about every individual or group who makes the headlines. (One possible exception—There has been little if any knocking of the more militant right-wing groups like the Minutemen who, if you ever check them out, are just as much *pro* overthrowing the government as the members of your apparently frequently used scapegoat, the new left).

Yet, for all your criticism on current events (And even here you falter. Example: Spiro Agnew has long ago stopped being an unknown "V.P. in the White House basement") you criticize and say nothing about correcting the problems.

Will Brady
Ellicot Station
Buffalo, N.Y.

Ed: We don't correct problems, we have enough problems making them.

Yecchh!

Marjorie Dawson
Boston

Ed: That's an honest opinion, Marjorie.

Bright Sayings:

When referring to your oldies (parents) or other squares it is 'in' to call them L7's. This is because if you put "L" and "7" together you have a square.

Julie Petersen
Geraldton, West Aust.
Australia

Ed: Not quite, Julie.

I recently read one of your magazines for the first time (August issue). I think some of your articles are far too suggestive (pro-communist-wise) and you should ease up on mocking and cutting down the Red, White and Blue. It's junk like that, that gives unsuspecting kids the wrong ideas and impressions. Isn't there enough going around as it is?

Instead of spending my money on a magazine that reads like a communist propaganda leaflet. I'd be better off reading anti-communist pam-

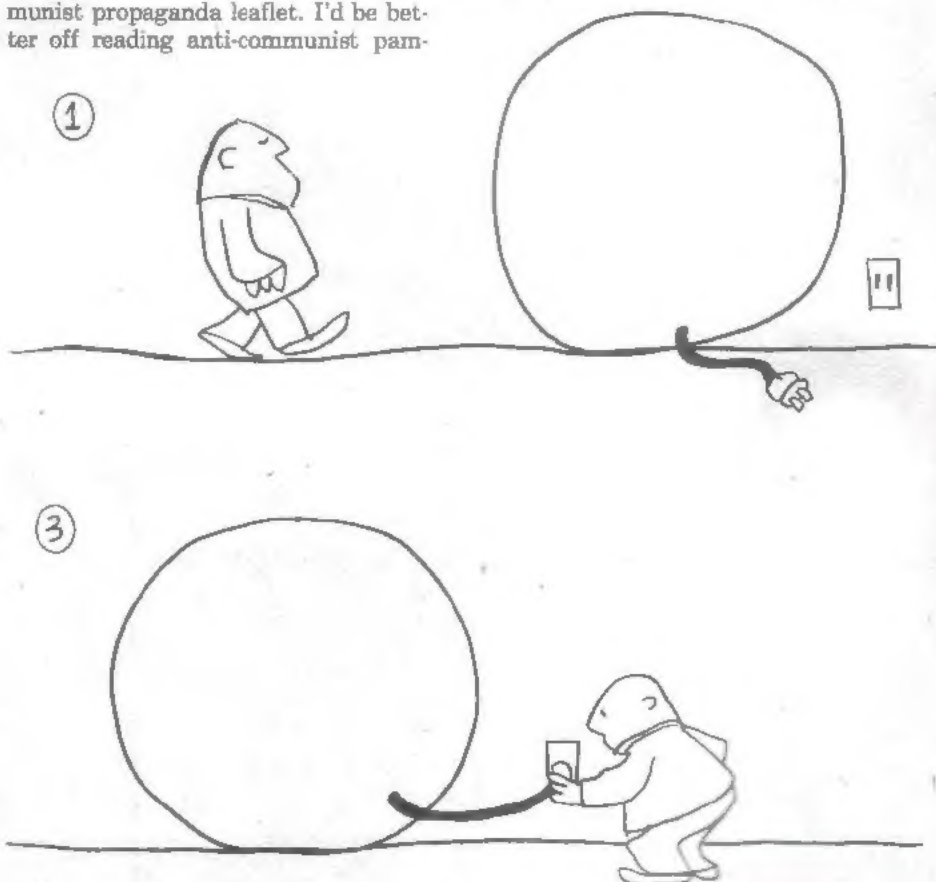
phlets published by the John Birch Society. At least nobody can question their patriotism.

John Hilber
Tacoma, Wash.

Ed: What about their sanity?

I wish to enlighten Miss Wanda Ulko, who had the bad taste to make several unjust comments about Canada, Canadians, and their contribution to world history.

Wanda, I am sick of you and your ilk who are such super-patriots that you cannot see the value of anything that is not a part of the United States. You queried in your letter, "What newsworthy event, good or bad, has Canada contributed to history?" Have you never heard of the Saint Lawrence Seaway? True, it was a joint effort on the parts of Canada and the United



States, but it would not have been possible without Canada's participation. The McIntosh apple was developed in Canada in 1811. Bell made the first long-distance telephone call in Canada. The first commercial oil well in North America was in Canada. Basketball was invented by a Canadian. John McCrae, a Canadian, wrote the poem, 'In Flanders Fields.' In World War I, of 424,859 Canadian soldiers who went overseas, 60,661 lost their lives. Insulin was discovered in Canada, and its discoverer, Sir Frederick Banting, was awarded the Nobel Prize. In World War II, over one million Canadians were in the armed forces, 51,992 of whom became casualties. And in case you think the U.S.A. pulled off the Normandy Invasion by itself, go read an unbiased history book. Former Prime Minister Lester Pearson was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957. The 1965 Eastern North America blackout was caused by a failure at a Canadian hydroelectric plant. Who says Canada hasn't contributed to history?

If you still think Canadians have an inferiority complex, you're sick.

In conclusion, let me point out that I am not, as your probably think, a Canadian super-patriot. I became disillusioned with my native country's policies at home and abroad, so I

immigrated to Canada last year—from the United States of America.
(Miss) Leslie A. Scott
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada

Ed: Another little Sick history lesson, readers.

I would like to answer Miss Helen Perry's letter in your mag. Miss Perry, You say you're glad you're a hippie. Aren't they the people that claim to love everyone? I just came back from a mission of love in Vietnam. I went with the U.S. Army, to help an underdeveloped nation know the same freedom we do. The people thanked me with love in their eyes. I asked to go because I LOVE MY COUNTRY, I LOVE MY FLAG. Besides SIT-INS, RIOTS, and TREASON what do you love, Miss Perry?

Sgt. Noel J. Muskett
HHC 1st Bn. MFSS
Fort Sam Houston, Texas

Ed: Peace, baby!

I have considered your book deadly poisonous to the ones who dare to read this sickening thing. But on the other hand it was quite funny. However it was sickening to mock out

"Mod Squad." The one I liked was "New Drugs For Hippies!" It really sicked it to me! Well bye for now, Sick. I loved every minute of your sickening book.

The Great Gina Lo Brono
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed: Thanks, Great, we think.

I think your mag is real funny. The thing I liked best in the August issue was the back cover, "AWARD OF EXCELLENCE in taking out the garbage."

Diedre Nirider
Ipswich, Mass.

Ed: Just one of our public services.

I think your story in the June issue, "The Oddgent," was the most repulsive you ever had. The rest were good. What I want to know is what happened?

Shari Hickey
Ellen Patou
Morro Bay, Calif.

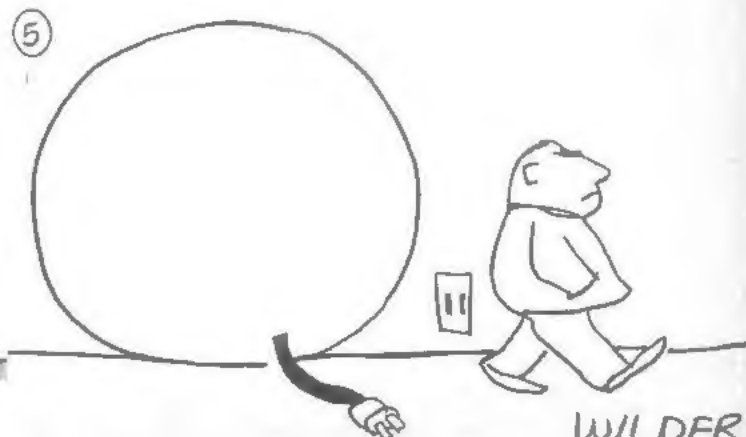
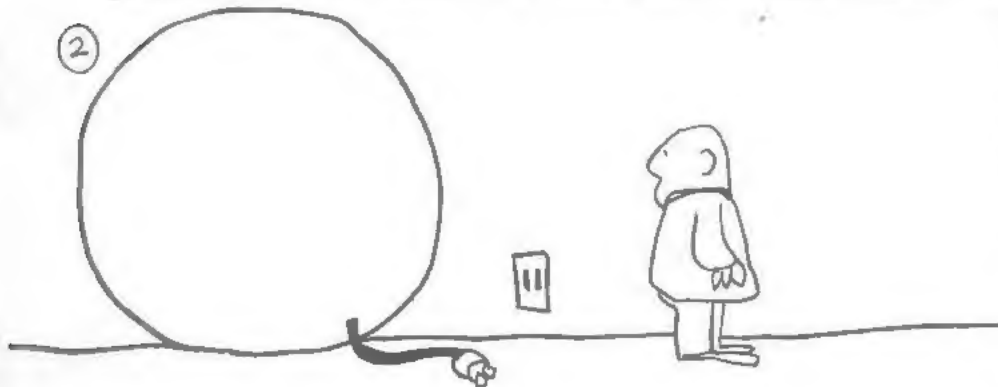
Ed: We can't understand it. Usually they're ALL repulsive.

I think your magazine is fabulous. But, about that story on war toys in one of your recent issues, I think it was SICKening. I can see your point, because in my city kids can get a toy bazooka that doesn't kid around. But not all these kids are bloodthirsty little demons.

I saw that you used the same joke in two different issues—the one about Mia Farrow getting warts from kissing a Navy frogman.

Jim Rogers
Pres. of D.D. Army Club
Fitchburg, Mass.

Ed: Remember, you read it here—Twice!



WILDER
5



NEWS ITEM:

Indians, claiming abandoned government property under old land grant treaty, take over closed-down prison on West Coast. Rat-infested and with bad plumbing, rancid water, crumbling walls, and

HIAWATHA



From the shore of Gitchee Gumeo.
Cross the Bay of Frisco's water.
Came the tribe of Hiawatha.
Every red-skinned son and daughter.



Sailed the remnants of our nation
To this rocky reservation.
Heap big walls and all that jazz.
Oh, happy isle of Alcatraz!



No steam heat, no bed, no phone.
Just hand-carved John marked "Al Capone."
We try to split and make skidoo.
But agent fink sink all canoe.



Teen-age brave tell Chief he try
To float across. Him say can fly!
Took L.S.D. one stormy night.
No see him since. Him out of sight!

hot and cold running roaches, it's not exactly the Hiawatha-Hilton.
But the chief was quoted as saying: "At last tribe find classier living
quarters than on government reservation!"

Script by Fred Wolfe
Art by Al Kaufman



ON ALCATRAZ



Injun agent say it's groovy,
Sure—for Warner Brothers' movie!
Fork-tongued one give injun shaft,
Agent, him called Georgie Raft.



Place all gray and slightly creepy
In this steel and concrete teepee.
Color scheme, it not too gally,
Architect is Mayor Daley!



Took many moons, they drop supplies
From helicopter—fan that flies.
Send caviar and champagne pop,
Must break out soon—can't eat that slop!



When winter come, we got no heal,
Till we find padded cozy seat.
When pull-um switch, though cold or storm
You sit in chair, and man—you're warm!



When summer come, it not too bad.
Sun warm up damp and stony pad.
Yet cats and chicks, they've got their gripes.
When come through bars, tan comes out stripes!



But braves, they dig those see-through doors.
See plenty bras, and plenty drawers.
When they see sights through cell-block door
No warpath—want make love not war!



To live like this is heap big sin.
When Uncle Sam has all that tin.
You took our land, our game, our grain.
Look how we suffered from John Wayne!



If white man treat red brother bad
One day our tribe get really mad.
We raid the mainland. Sail in pots.
Hey, Reagan, baby—want 'nother Watts?

Girls running around half-dressed! Passion! Lust! Infidelity! No, this isn't a description of Frank Sinatra's rumpus-room, but a few of the plot outlines for a t.v. series—a sort of Peyton Place on a Hollywood lot. A world where beneath all the phoney tinsel is the real tinsel. Where every week you are sure to come across: Lights! Camera! Action!—**Boredom!**

SHACK-IN'S WORLD

Art by Jack Sparling
Script by Fred Wolfe

The show opens in the office of the secretary of Mr. Shack-In, the head of the studio, who is never seen. Probably because he's dodging agents, would-be stars—and bill-collectors!

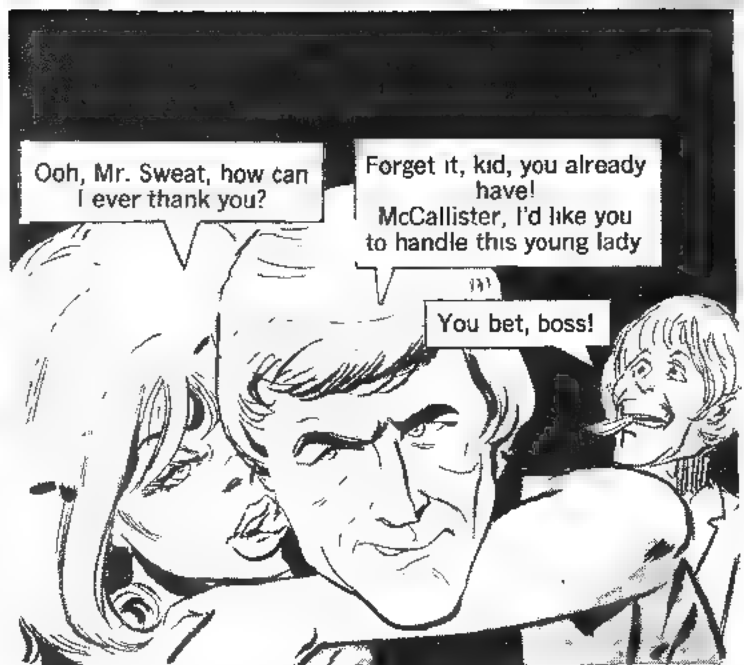






After having given the young starlet the full benefit of his long years of casting experience ...

You were magnificent in the close-ups, baby, now we'll arrange a full-fledged screen test.



Ooh, Mr. Sweat, how can I ever thank you?

Forget it, kid, you already have! McCallister, I'd like you to handle this young lady

You bet, boss!



No, no, McCallister, I mean I'd like you to get her ready for a screen test.



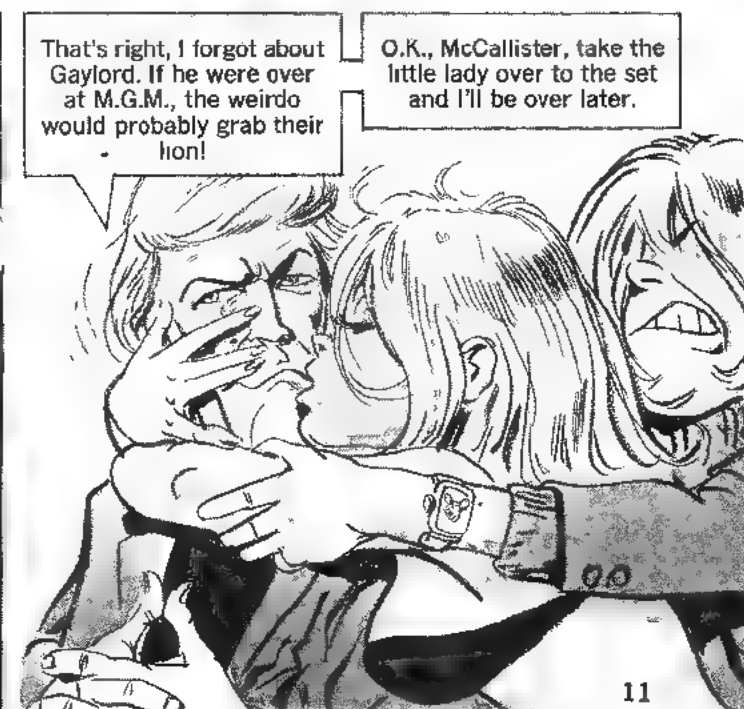
By the way, McCallister. Now that we've practically lined up our leading lady, I still need a leading man. What about Gaylord Sweet?

He's no longer available, boss. They locked him up for grabbing an Oscar.



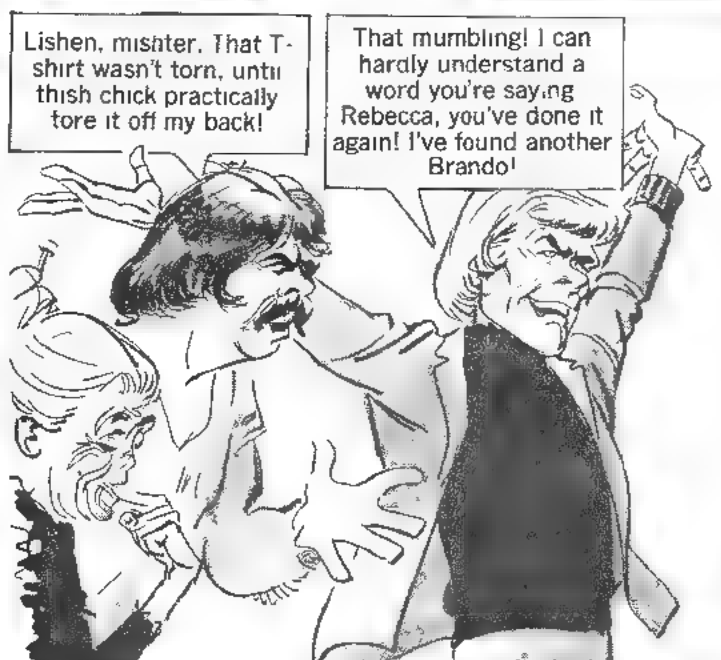
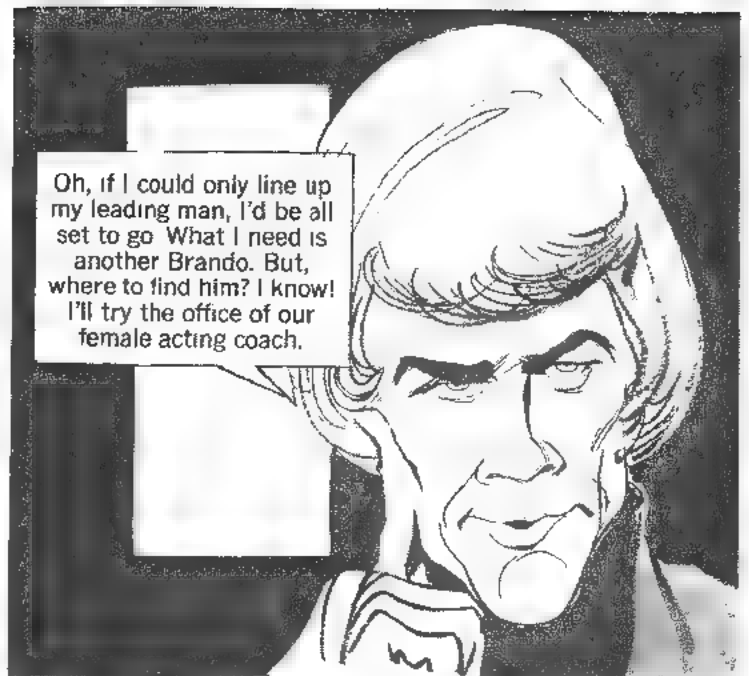
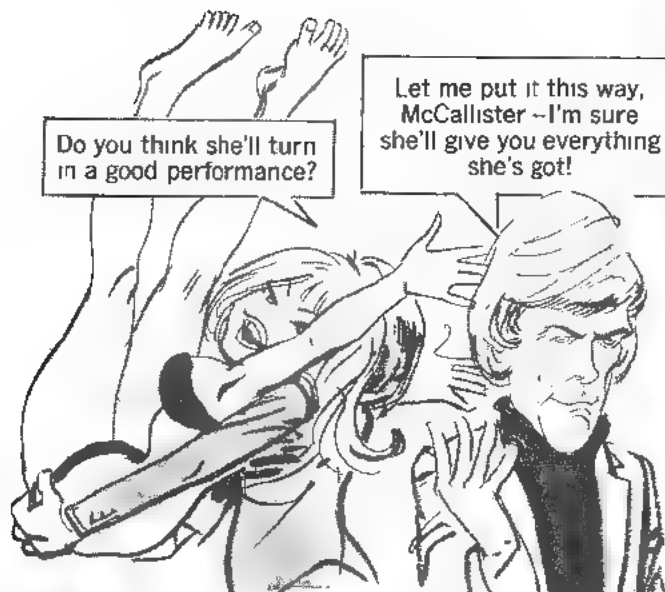
Since when is grabbing an Oscar a criminal offense?

This Oscar was his swishy hairdresser!



That's right, I forgot about Gaylord. If he were over at M.G.M., the weirdo would probably grab their lion!

O.K., McCallister, take the little lady over to the set and I'll be over later.



As the scene fades, we cut to the screen test of the new starlet, Barbara Bare, who is out to show the public her finer points.

All right, we're going to do a scene from "Little Women." - Take one!



Well, McCallister, how did the test come out?

I don't know, boss we forgot to put film in the camera!



I just got a call from Mr. Shack-In. He was peeking through the keyhole and said that Barbara is A-Okay! Well, I guess that solves our problems on this picture.



I wouldn't make any space on my mantelpiece for an Oscar yet, if I were you Jeremy. Senator Pastore just called and told us the nudity bit on t.v. is a No-No! I'd better get in touch with Mr. Shack-In.



Yes, Mr. Shack-In, he said he'd see to it that the series was cancelled, even if he had to go to the head of the television network.



What? You bought the television network? Every television network? Right after you bought all the hotels in Las Vegas...

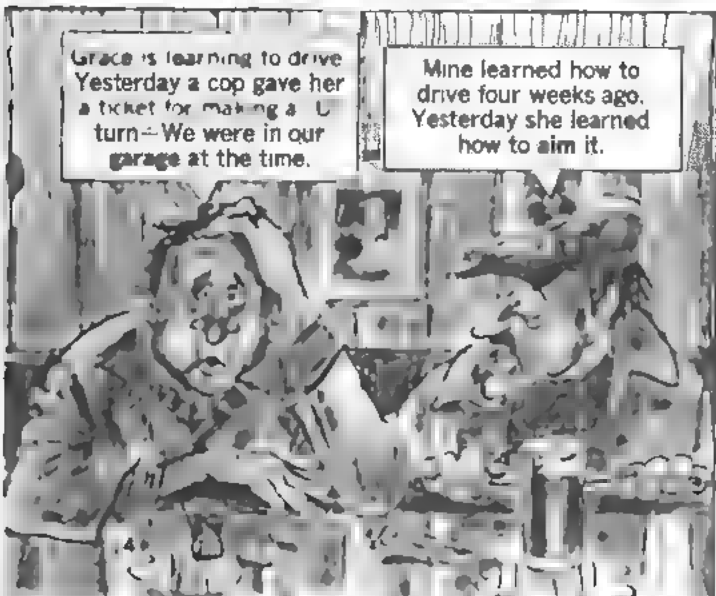
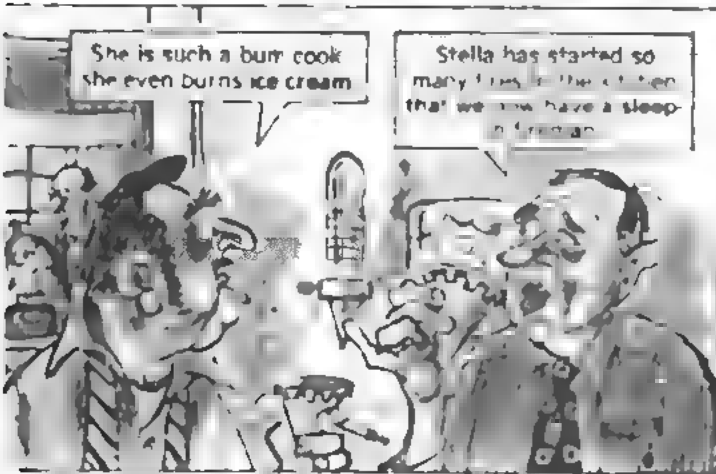
And you'd gladly give him a good swift kick, but you'd hurt yourself more than him, because you only wear sneakers.

So, that's why no one ever sees you! Mr. Shack-In—you're Howard Hughes!

There are two sides to every coin, two sides to each street and with politicians, two sides of their mouths. In a family, there are also two major sides. They are called—

FATHERS and MOTHERS

Art by Don Orehek



My husband talked so much last night that my foot went to sleep. Lucky foot.

Harold talks so much that I get hoarse just listening to him.

Gary is a man of few words, but he uses them over and over and over.

call my husband "A.T.&T."—always talking and talking.

Milton wants to have a backyard barbecue tomorrow, but I said no. The last one we had, he not only burned the steaks but the table, two chairs and four rose bushes.

Mine likes to make Sunday breakfast. It takes me until Friday to get over it.

Andy's backyard barbecue parties are the talk of the town and you should hear what those people say about his cooking.

That's nothing. Jack cooked at a barbecue four months ago and some of our neighbors are still in the hospital.

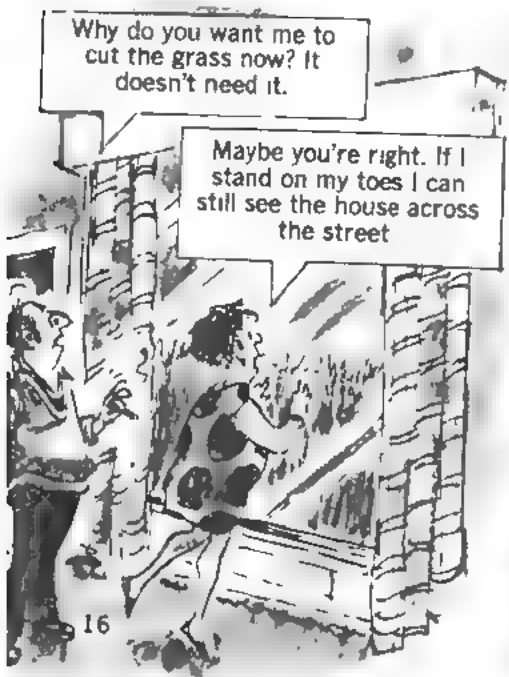
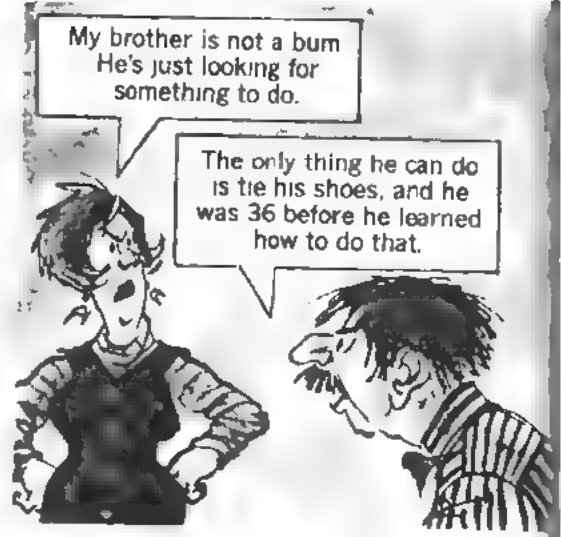
My husband has gotten so many tickets that he knows every cop in the city by his first name.

Mine is learning to drive. If the road turns when he does, it's just plain luck.

I won't say he's a bad driver but yesterday he made a figure eight turn the hard way—two fours.

For Tim's birthday I gave him something very useful—a credit card that's good in traffic courts.

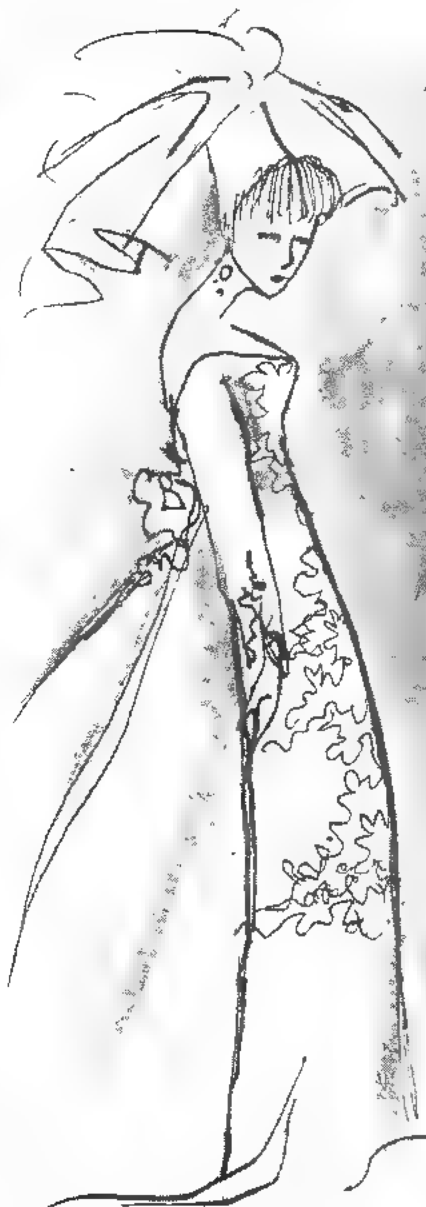
TOGETHERNESS



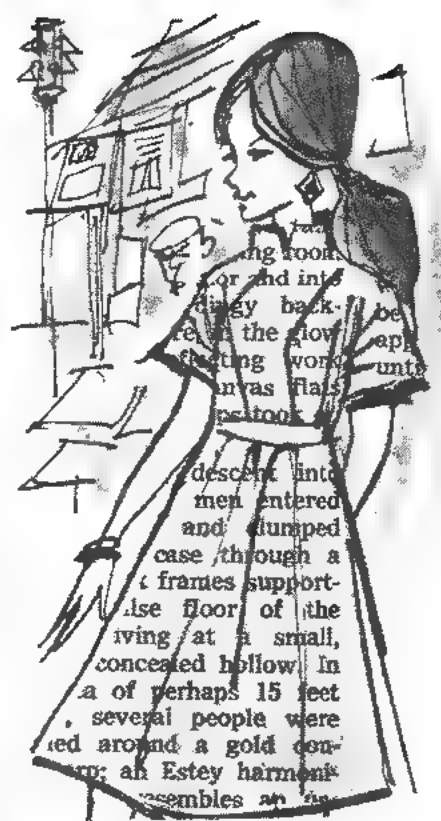
10th Annual Sick FASHION FORECAST



When you want to
put up a front . . .
BARE-BACK SUITS



Just the thing for
Hollywood marriages . . .
**WASH-AND-WEAR
WEDDING DRESSES**



All the nudes that prints
we fit . . .
**DRESSES MADE OF
NEWSPAPER**



Put a little hair
on your chest . . .
THE NEW MINK BRA



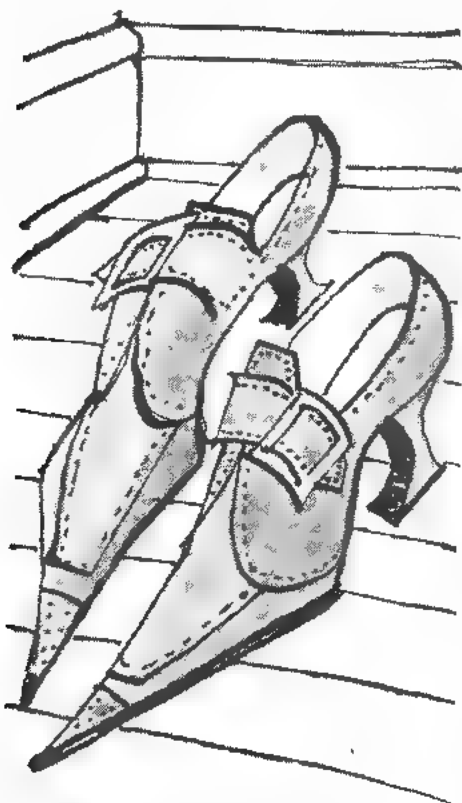
For that Yul Brynner look . .
BALD-HEADED WIGS



Hair today—gone tomorrow . .
REMOVABLE BEARDS



To tickle a lady's fancy . . .
MOHAIR PANTIES



For stomping out cigarette
butts in corners . . .
POINTED SHOES



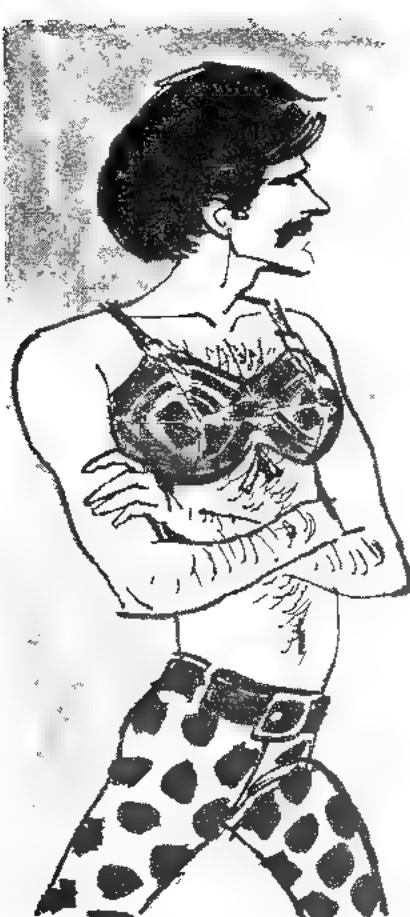
A complete new outfit
for \$19.30 . . .
THE 1930 LOOK



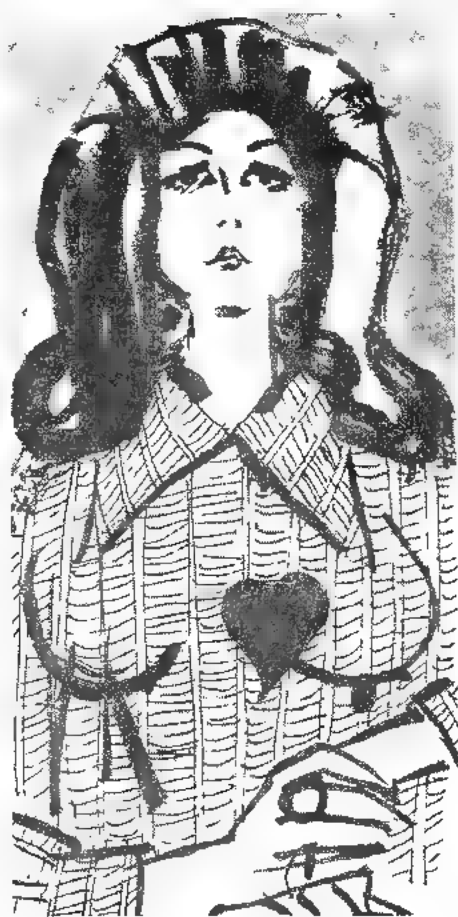
Fruit of The Loom with room .
PLEATED JOCKEY SHORTS



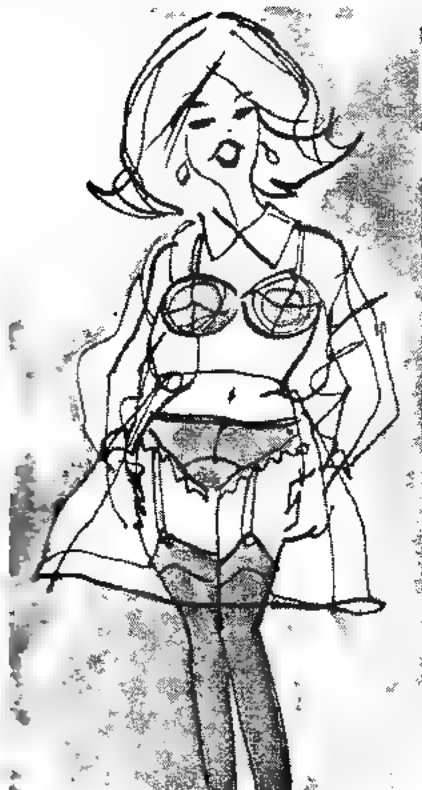
Just the thing for
a little horseback riding...
REAL JOCKEY SHORTS



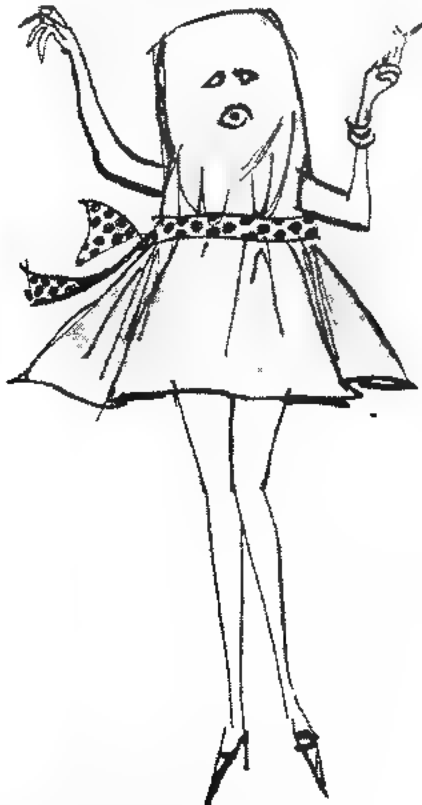
Put a little chest
on your hair...
BRAS FOR MEN



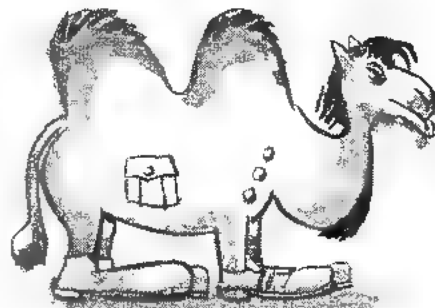
To show your heart's
in the right place...
SEE-THRU BLOUSES



Something to really
look into...
DRESSES MADE OF GLASS



For chicks who blow
their minds...
OVERSIZE FLOP HATS



Just the thing
for humpbacks...
CAMEL HAIR COAT

RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more, of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

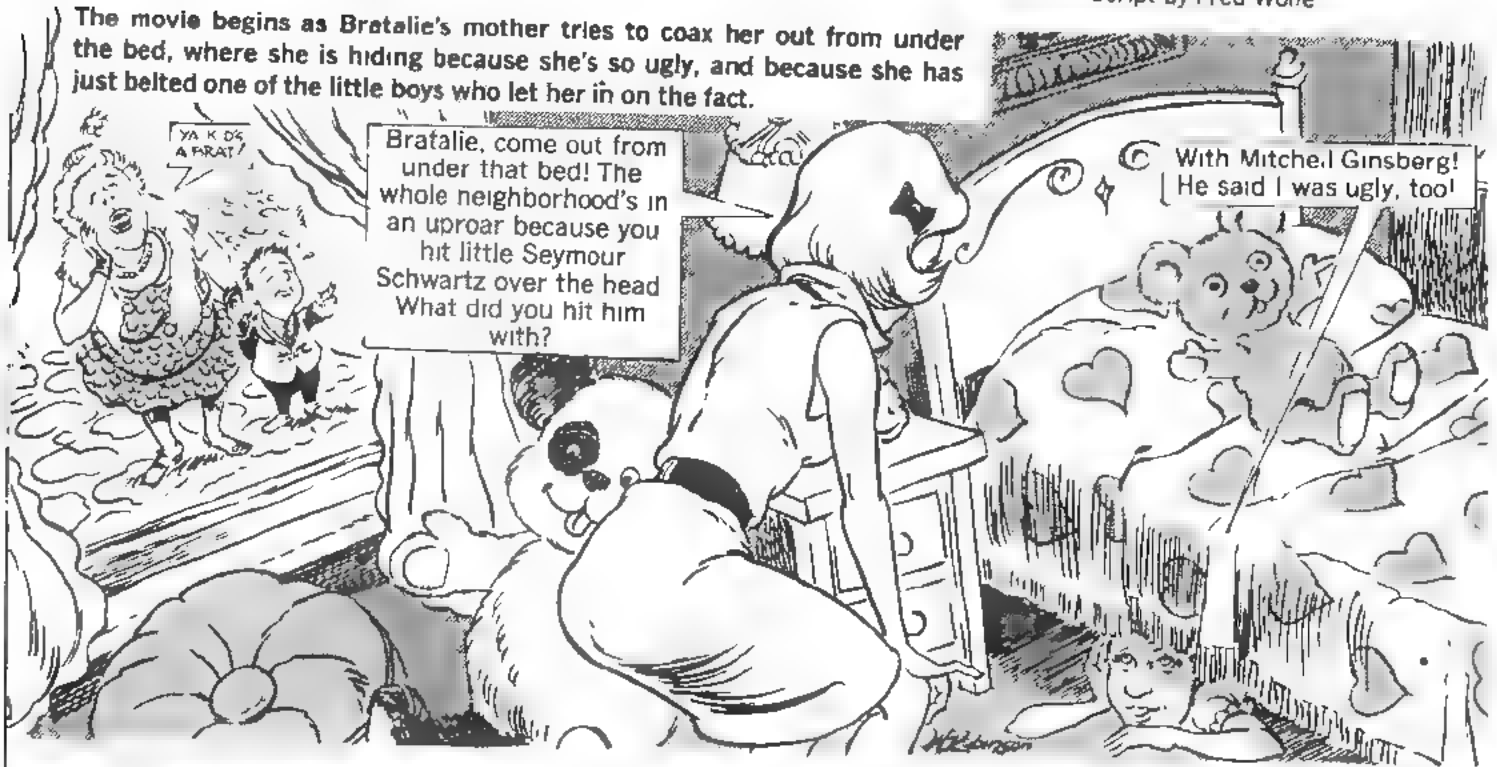
Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you, upon request you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.

In the picture, Patty Duke plays the part of the type of girl who'd make "Marty" look like the most popular kid on the block! Not only doesn't Patty know what she's "doing tonight," but she's also got big problems with weekdays and matinees. Rather than take Patty out, her blind dates commit hari-kari with the pin on her corsage. The movie deals with our heroine's life all the way from childhood to wildhood when Bratallie finally decides to make the scene in Greenwich Village where, compared to the rest of the weirdos, she comes on almost normal.

Me, Bratallie

Art by Bill Robinson

Script by Fred Wolfe



Let's face it, mother. I have big ears, a funny nose and buck teeth.

Yes, but many an ugly duckling has grown up into a beautiful swan. You'll see, Bratalie, when you grow up, you'll look like a regular movie star.



MADISON AY VERS ON OF UGLY, NOTE DANDRUFF

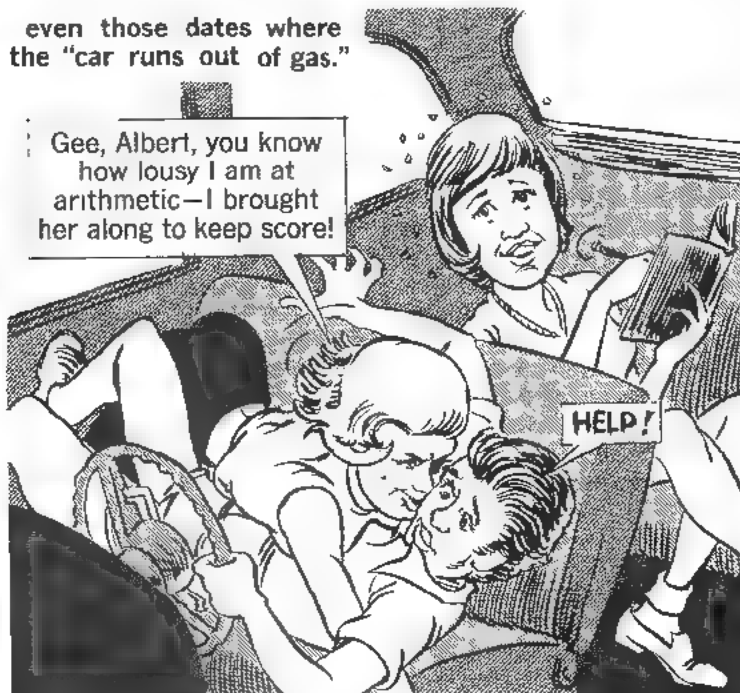
So Bratalie grew up into her teens and found out that despite her big ears, funny nose and buck teeth, she now looked like a famous movie star - Bugs Bunny! To make matters worse, Bratalie's best friend, Betty, a living doll, insists on taking Bratalie along on all her dates

Hey, Betty, why do you always drag along that drag, Bratalie? Especially tonight.



even those dates where the "car runs out of gas."

Gee, Albert, you know how lousy I am at arithmetic—I brought her along to keep score!



Even at dances, Bratalie always comes out on the short end.

I'm getting desperate!

OH BOY ABCY?

Bratalie, would you mind getting off that chair?

Why, no.



Thanks.



Trying to pawn off their daughter, Bratalie's parents set up a blind date with a young optometry student who they promise to set up in business, if he'll take Bratalie off their hands.

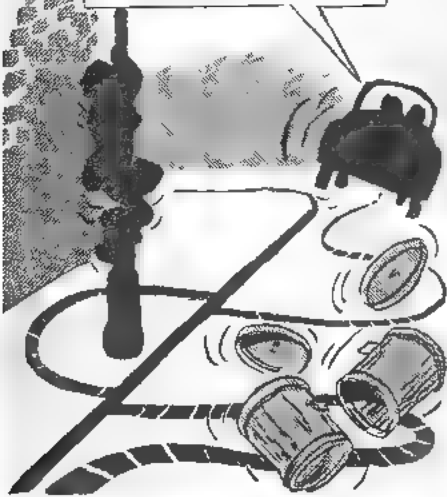


How do you do, Bratalie. Why, you're absolutely gorgeous!

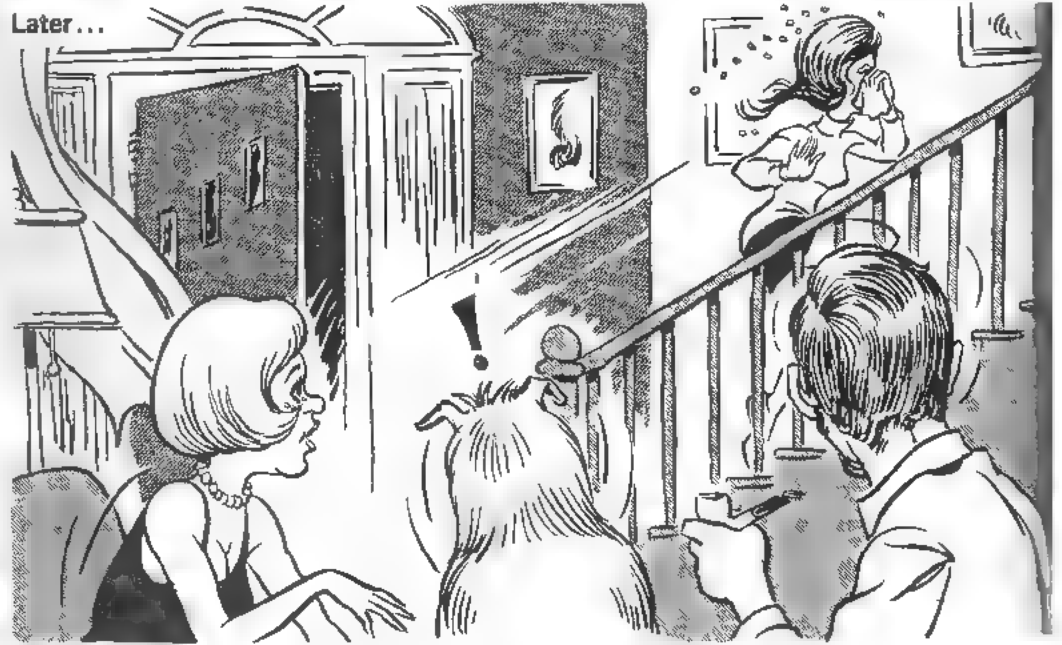
Run along, kids, and have a good time!



We'll have a big night on the town, Bratalie, but first I've got to stop off at my father's optometry office.



Later...



What happened, Bratalie? I thought you two hit it off very well.



Yes, in fact, he told me you were the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

Yes, but that was before he stopped off at his father's optometry shop—he had his prescription changed!

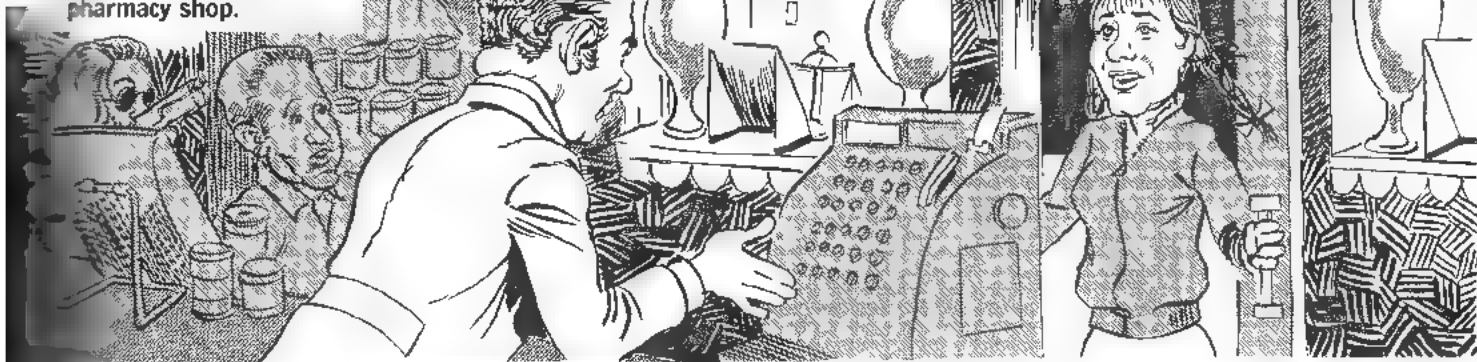


But there is one man who has always loved Bratale and really believed she was beautiful, and he's retiring from the Navy probably on a "Section Eight!" She runs to visit him at his new job in a pharmacy shop.

Hmm. That kid with the funny mask on. It must be Halloween

All right, gir.ie, what is it --trick or treat?

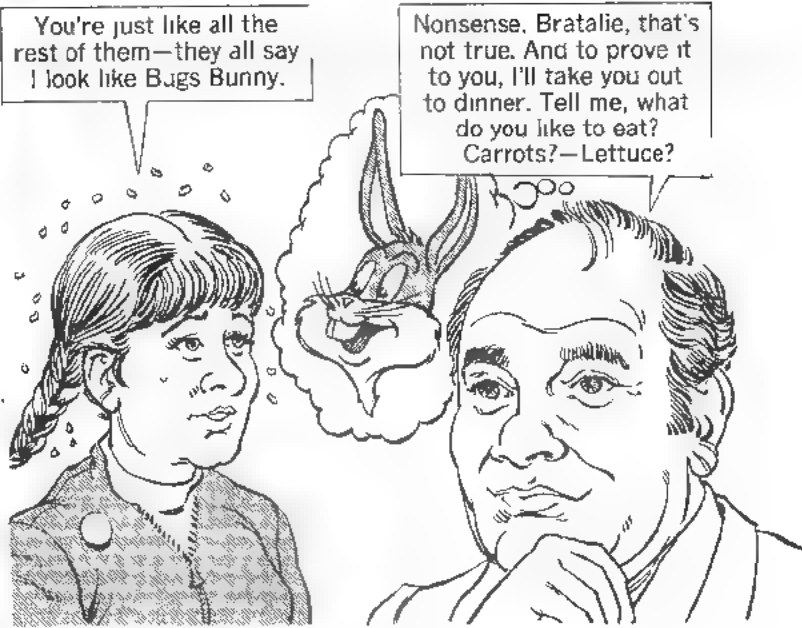
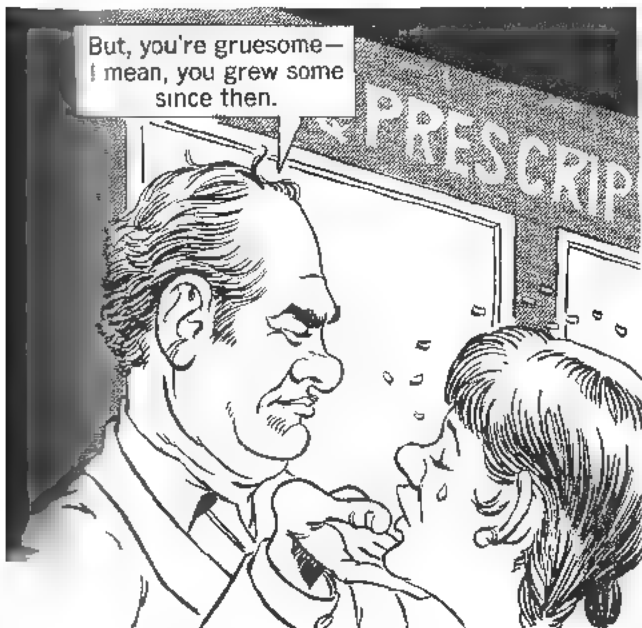
Don't you recognize me, Uncle Harold? I'm Bratale. When I was little, you used to call me your beautiful princess



But, you're gruesome— I mean, you grew some since then.

You're just like all the rest of them—they all say I look like Bugs Bunny.

Nonsense. Bratale, that's not true. And to prove it to you, I'll take you out to dinner. Tell me, what do you like to eat? Carrots?—Lettuce?

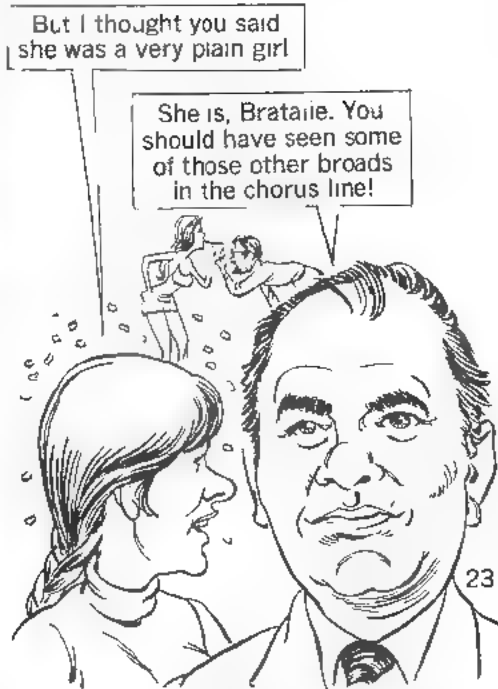
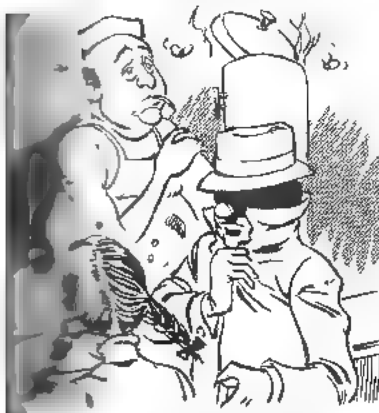


After handing Bratale a line about beauty only being skin deep and all that phoney jazz, and to prove he's on the level, Uncle Harold tells Bratale that he is getting married to a very plain girl who he is bringing home to dinner at Bratale's house.

Hello, folks, this is my fiance—Lola La Wow!

But I thought you said she was a very plain girl

She is, Bratale. You should have seen some of those other broads in the chorus line!



Well, Lola and I must be running. Before she returns to work at the Club Aj Go-Go, we're off to a skiing weekend at Lake Tahoe.

But, it's only Autumn, there's no snow on the ground.

You'll be forced to stay in your room all day.

Yeah, how about that!



Bratalie comes home and sees her father sad-faced and her mother crying.

What's the matter?

We don't know how to break this to you, Bratalie, but your Uncle Harold had a bad heart.



Shortly after he spend the weekend with that Miss Go-Go...

He went—went!

Maybe it's all for the best. A hussy like that would probably have made his life miserable.



I don't know about that They say it took the undertaker a whole week just to wipe the smile off his face!

Now with the last man gone who ever showed her any affection, Bratalie decides to make the break with her past and swims the distance from Brooklyn to Greenwich Village



—Bratalie had led a sheltered life and didn't know they had already built a bridge!

Maybe in Greenwich Village I'll be able to find a boy.

But at the moment, they all seem to be tied up! First, though, I better get a room.





Do you rent rooms to girls?

Yes, no matter what sex they are! By the way, dear, this building doesn't have an elevator and you're on the top floor. But, you can use the dumb-waiter, if you like.



Bratalie crams herself and her suitcase into dumb-waiter and pulls on ropes to ascend, when it's opened on the way up by a male tenant, James Farrentino.

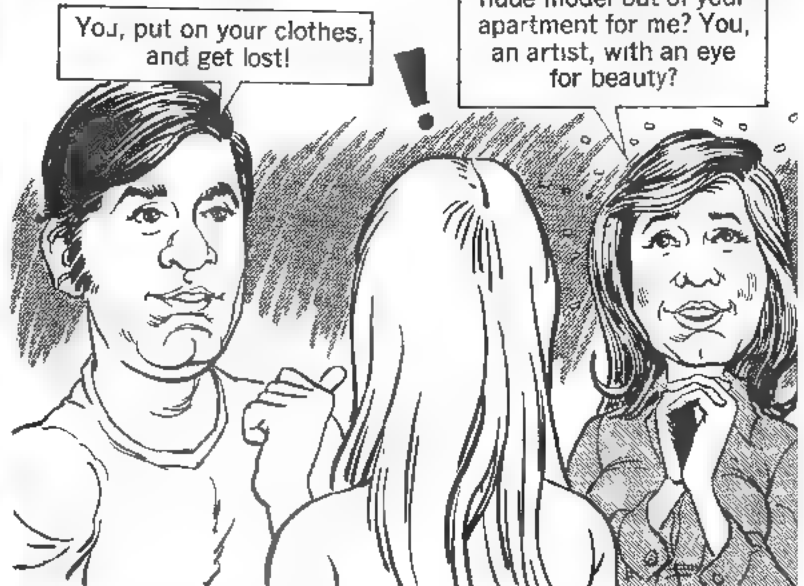
Who left the garbage on the dumb-waiter?



Hi, it's me, Bratalie, your new neighbor!

You're just what I've been looking for!

Can this be love at first fright?



You, put on your clothes, and get lost!

You threw that beautiful nude model out of your apartment for me? You, an artist, with an eye for beauty?



Beautiful dames are a dime a dozen. You've got what I've been searching for for years—those holes in the face—that rippled acne—it's perfect!

For painting a portrait?



What portrait? I'm an advertising artist. I'm looking for someone who can pose for animal crackers!

Every year thousands of young people make their way to New York City to pursue careers, attend schools or just visit. What are their impressions of this modern Baghdad? If you readers have ever visited Fun City, you may recognize yourself in this crowd...

The MAD MULLADY of BROADWAY!

Psst! hey, Mac, do you want to buy Central Park? Only 25 bucks.

No, thanks. I don't have room for it in my suitcase

Gee, Tex, look at all those electric signs.

Yes, and half of them are working.

The guy who sold us these seats said we could see the parade swell from here.

But this is June and the Thanksgiving Day Parade is months away.

Yes sir, there's plenty of violence. Especially in the balcony.

I'll bet Broadway has more orange drink stands than pickpockets.

Gee, my Blue Cross ran out last week

Cool it, Mac, I'll get you to 58th Street. I've been driving a cab for 27 years.

And I feel like I've been driving in this taxi half of that time.

What's that? Bullet holes?

No, the air conditioning system.

While I was waiting you a man tried to me up

It's so was

HOW YOUR CASH HERE

REPENT!!!
THE WORLD
WILL BE
MONDAY!!
TUESDAY IS THE LATEST

DANGER
MEN
SLEEPING

TAXI
OFF DUTY

baby.

DRINK
7
SIDE
WAYS

SELL YOUR CAR
AND WALK
BUY BEAMISH'S
BURNT
BUNS

BEACH PARTY
BREAK-OUT
IN SANDSCOPE

ONLINE
BUSINESS
SALE!
NOW IN
ITS 10th
YEAR

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE RUSSIAN
TO EAT
KELLY'S
CHINESE PIZZA

GRASS

STARRING:
DORIS DRY
ROCK HUDSON
JOHN WAYNE
TINY TIM
BOB HOPE
J. PAUL GETTY

HAIR
WITH TULL BRINER

EVERYTHING MUST GO...
EXCEPT US !!!
NOTHING DOWN
TAKE 36 YEARS
TO PAY!!!

What do you want on your
frank besides germs?

I hear a guy got slugged
on 47th Street.

Yes, the guy was Officer
Muidoon.

Mustard and LSD.

HOT DOG
WITH MEAT
INSIDE 30¢

PIZZA
PARLO

NO
PARKING
OR
JUGGING

HOT DOGS
FOR
3 27¢

DANCE
FRED
UPSTAIRS
STUDIO

Quack!

FLICKER
CHILD

Do you see a parking
space?

That last one I saw was
in New Jersey

That looks like a good
movie over there.

SICK

Where do all these people
come from?

You mean the one with
the "raided" sign on the
box office?

This is like a dream

A nightmare.

Some of them
look like
they came out
of the
woodwork.

Have you noticed how
fast everyone walks on
Broadway?

Yes, especially
the police.

Let's go to a nightclub
tonight, honey.

I'll see if I can borrow
money on my life
insurance.

ing for
to pick

okay. He
probably
drunk.

KEEP
YOUR CITY
CLEAN

THE PIGEON PROBLEM

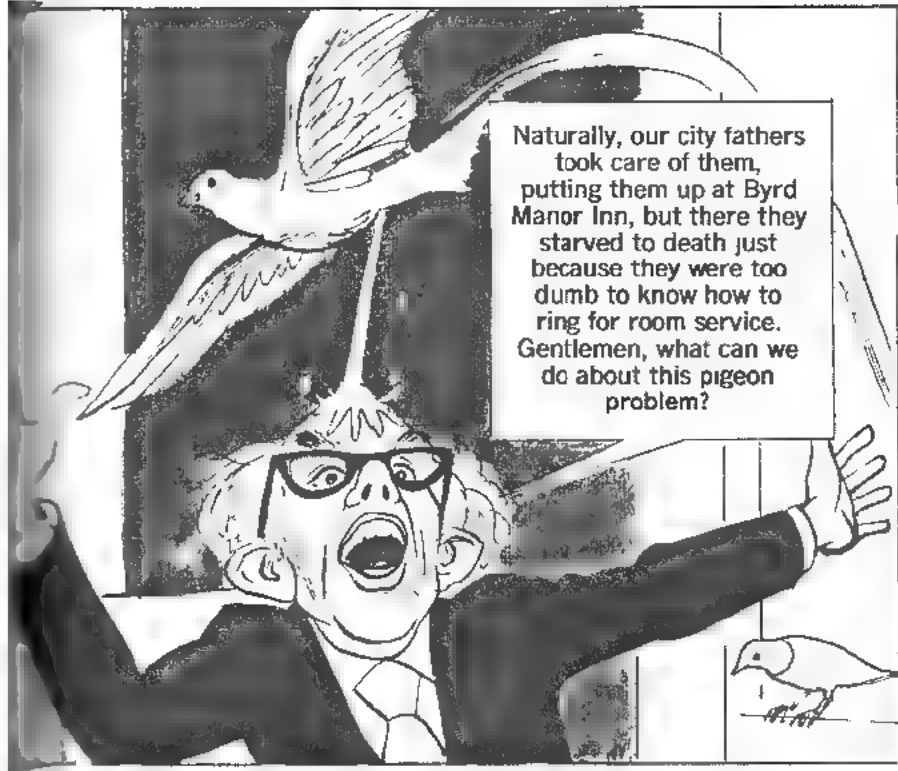
Art by Al Bare

Script by Bill Majeski

NEWS ITEM:

City authorities all over the country start feeding pigeons food containing built-in birth control elements.





Naturally, our city fathers took care of them, putting them up at Byrd Manor Inn, but there they starved to death just because they were too dumb to know how to ring for room service. Gentlemen, what can we do about this pigeon problem?



Mr. Pout, I suggest you carry an umbrella!

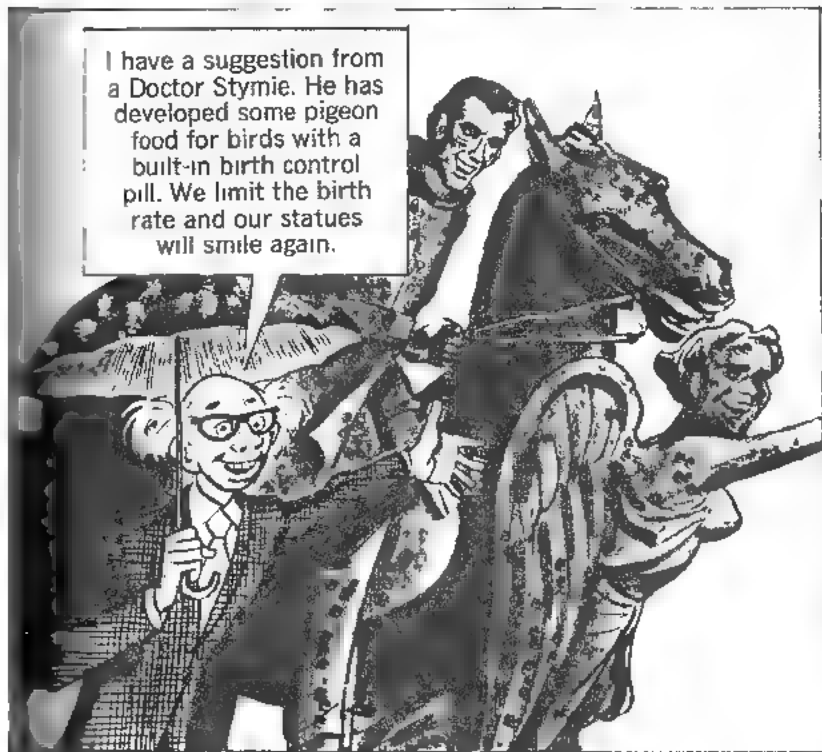
Not that problem. The population problem.



Why not genocide? Only call it birdicide. Kill the pigeons and turn them into badminton shuttlecocks. Where's your athletic know-how?

Let's train them all to be homing pigeons. We'll send them away, and when they're gone, we'll move the city!

Nobody kills pigeons, Mr. Scurry.



I have a suggestion from a Doctor Stymie. He has developed some pigeon food for birds with a built-in birth control pill. We limit the birth rate and our statues will smile again.



Sounds great. But can it work? I mean I like statues as well as the next man, but can this plan work?

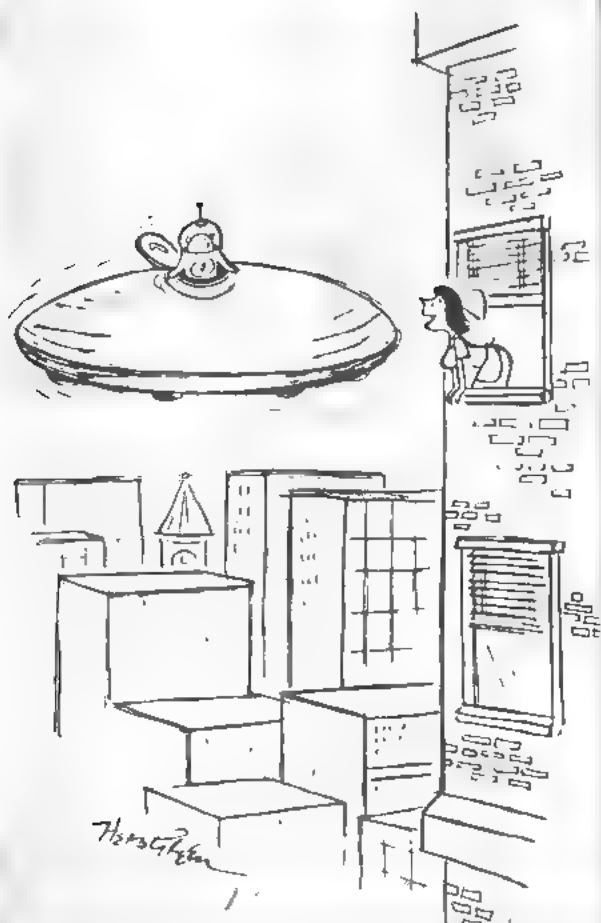
Doctor Stymie tested his food for a full year in Washington, D.C. And it worked. During that time not one statue was born.

The two spacemen were heading toward the moon in their rocket and to while away the time, one was busy composing a song "hey, Joe", said he, "what rhymes with June?" All these years the moon has been an inspiration for poets and romance. Ten years from now it'll be just another parking lot. Here are some scenes from a paperback book published by Pyramid Books. We wanted editor Phil Hirsch to tell us more about it, but he was



"Well, we learned one Martian word..."

OUT TO LAUNCH



"I'm terribly sorry but the doctor doesn't make house calls!"



"9:25, cats, and this is Jolly Jasper taking time out for the news..."



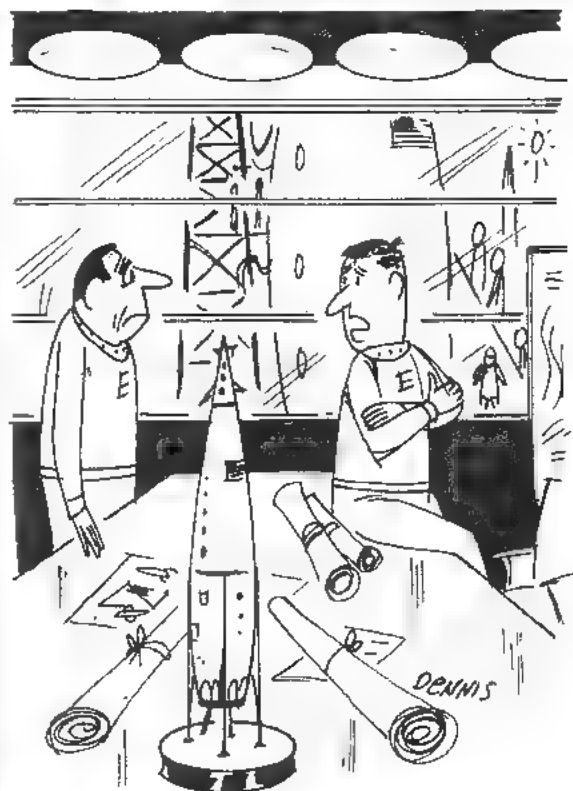
"Early this morning, leading scientists and astronomers confirmed their findings and definitely concluded that on Saturday at 3:57 a.m. the giant comet will collide with the Earth..."



"Jolly Jasper back again, folks, for more of your favorite recordings..."



"If that's my wife, tell her I've gone
to the moon."



"I hate to tell you this, Bill, but
you can't go with us. It's—uh—
frankly, it's your bad breath."



"Here we go again!"



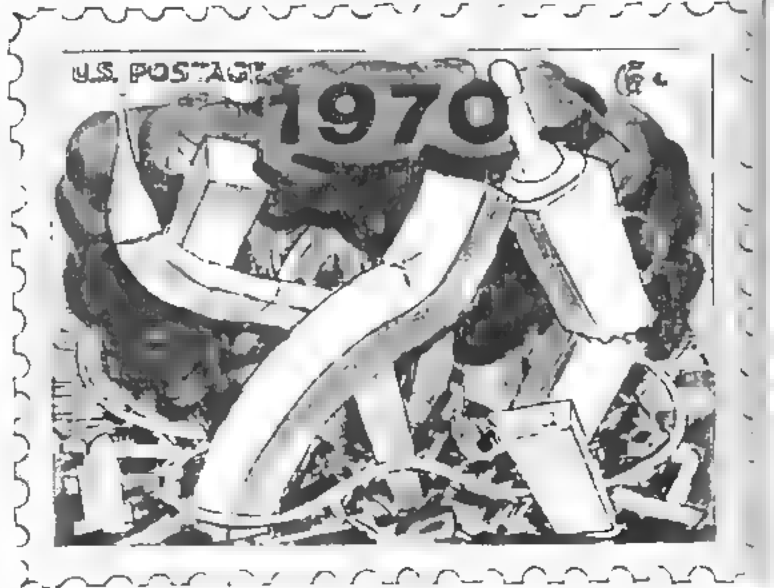
NEW STAMPS

Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Al Bare

Have you noticed the new type of postage stamps now being printed by the Government? No? Well, if you haven't, please be informed that the Government is honoring just about everything and anything with their stamps. Here are reproductions of some of the new stamps and the people and incidents they commemorate.



This stamp is in honor of the birth of New York City.



This stamp honors the year of the collapse of New York City.

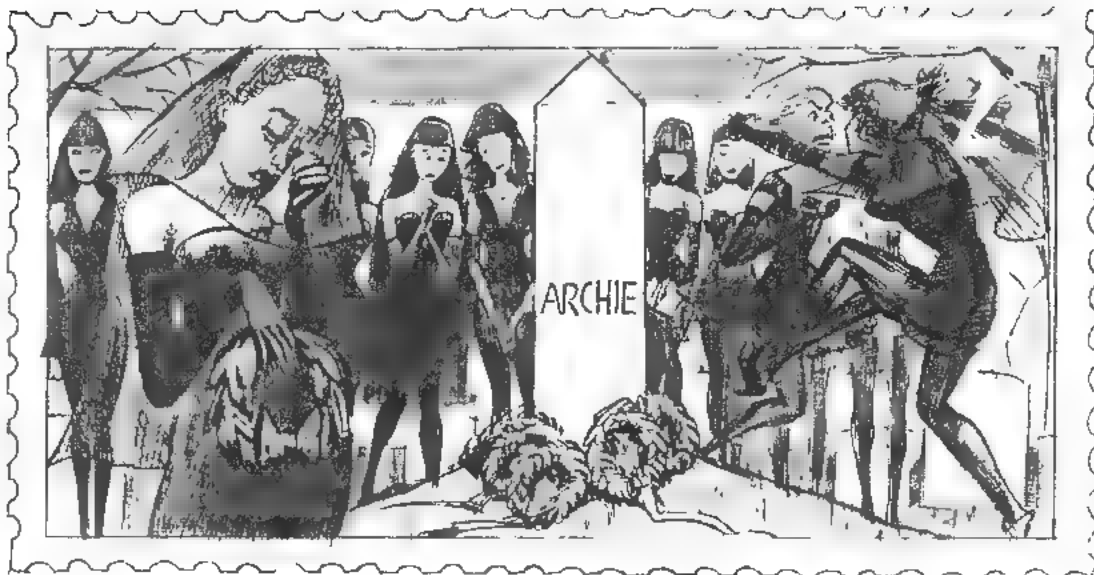


This item honors Dr. Timothy Leary's first experiments with whatever it is he experiments with. Naturally, it's an airmail stamp. It's also an old joke, but so is Dr. Leary.



This is in honor of the unfortunate delicatessen owner Nathan Greenspan who put LSD in his lox and saw Golda Meir singing "Temptation."

No stamp collection is complete without this one honoring Playboy Archie Smattergee, the first man to die from an overdose of marriage



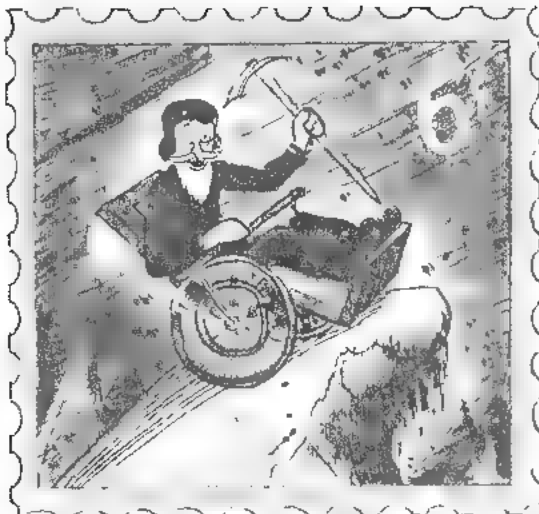
The Audubon Society is pleased with this number. It honors Liberace's Leaping Bird—now extinct.



Explorers are favorites among the people who pick out our stamps. This one honors Adolphus Grusteki, the man who discovered a new route to the Loft's Candy Warehouse.



This commemorates the New Year. Painter Van Gogh wishes everyone present at a party a very "Happy New 'ear."



Outdoor sports enthusiasts are pleased with this 6-cent stamp honoring Bensenhurt Twillibee, winner of the 700-mile wheelchair mountain climb. He did it with a nurse on his lap most of the way.



This stamp will commemorate forever, Stanley Furtive, the first man who made crank phone calls to Pat Boone.



This stamp commemorates Andrew Kiskanny, the man who invented the alarm clock with half an alarm, so that when it rings, only the wife wakes up.



This one is in honor of Americus Vesperini, the man who was architect of Jerry Vale's birthplace.

And finally, a hitherto unsung man will be remembered via the stamp route. He is Andrew Gripp, Hollywood extra. He was lashed to death in a movie studio when Raquel Welch's bra strap broke. It will be a special delivery stamp.



You think YOU'VE got troubles? Wait'll you read some REAL problems...
mainly the ones we had trying to make a funny magazine parody out of—

SHOULD SEX EDUCATION BE TAUGHT AT DRIVE-IN MOVIES?

Teen Confessions

I THOUGHT HE WAS
A BOY AFTER
MY OWN HEART!
(only that's not all
he was after!)

I HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN WHILE DANCING THE BUGALOO

(And Never Even Knew It!)

12 and 13: TOO YOUNG TO GET MARRIED

(So We Decided To Wait A Year)

I WASN'T READY FOR MARRIAGE!

(My Hair Wasn't Done
And I Had Nothing To Wear)

SWEET SIXTEEN AND NEVER BEEN KISSED

(Special Fiction Bonus)

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD NO



GIRLS! Become a HIGH FASHION MODEL



We teach you how to dislocate your hips, suck in your cheeks and make all your bones stick out—just like the girls in those ads. In short, come in fat and walk out flat!

Special instruction in how to walk with books on your head, how to talk with pebbles in your mouth, and how to scream with mice at your feet. Let us change your clothes, your hardbo, your bank account. Send for our free book, "How To Look Like A Boy." Let us do for you what we did for Twiggy. We sent her one of our books.

MISS CARRIAGE'S
SCHOOL FOR MODELS
Great Bigg, Conn.

Teen Confessions

Confessions From Life

I Was An Unwed Honor Student!	6
Why You Should Never Neck In The Back Seat Of A Hot Rod Going 97 Miles An Hour!	14
A Teenage Girl's Lament: His Voice Changed In The Middle Of A Proposal!	18
We Fell In Love During A Biology Class While Dissecting Each Other's Frogs!	39
I Had A Face Boys Go For! (‘Go-Pher Face’ They Used To Cal. Me)	43
What I Thought Were His Dimples Turned Out To Be Pimples!	47
It Was Only A Summer Romance! (We Used To Make It Every Summer)	51
I Didn't Want To Wind Up An Old Maid (But I Just Had To See Her Spin!)	63

Giant Book-Length Section

He Broke My Heart In 3 Different Places (Topeka, St. Paul & Kansas City)	78
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Exclusive

STARTLING CONFESSION: He Took Me To A Drive-In And We Actually Watched The Movie!	86
It Wasn't Me He Loved, It Was My Pig Tails! (Not My Hair—Real Pig Tails)	92
He Wasn't Like The Other Boys of 19 (He Was 23!)	168

Cover Photo by KEYHOLE

Names of our Editorial Staff is being withheld pending trial
by the Juvenile Authorities.

Any similarity between fictional characters and real people
is entirely correct.

(This magazine will self-destruct in 10 seconds)

I WAS SHOCKED
BEYOND BELIEF WHEN
**He Wanted
to Kiss Me
on the First
DATE!**



I had just met Seymour and right away I could see he was the shifty type. I could see I was going to have trouble with him. I mean, the way he looked at me with those small beady eyes. The way he stroked my wrists with those long pointed fingernails. The way he spoke to me with those hot panting syllables. I thought to myself, wow!—here was a guy who was going to try to kiss me on the first date!

And as it turned out, I was so right. We went to dinner and a show and had a marvelous time. Everything seemed

to be progressing nicely but no sooner had we gotten to my front door than he grabbed me passionately and tried to kiss me!

What can I tell you, I was flabbergasted! Utterly and totally shocked beyond belief! Out of my mind with shame and horror! After all, here was a boy I had met not three hours ago and he wanted to kiss me there and then!

I mean, it was preposterous. I didn't want him to kiss me after we went out. I'm a modern swinger. I wanted him to kiss me *before* we went out!

**HE LOOKED LIKE THE STUDIOUS TYPE BUT ...
AS SOON AS I GOT INTO
HIS HOT ROD
HE JUMPED ME!**

I know now that I should never have gotten into the back seat of that hot rod with Felix. That was my first bad move. And no sooner had I made that move than he jumped me!

I was so surprised and so shocked I couldn't believe my own eyes. I made another quick move to the right but, lo and behold— he jumped me again! It was incredible! Fantastic! I was never so humiliated in all my life! Here he was playing me for a sucker. To him it was nothing more than a great big game!

And that's how it went. Whenever and wherever I would move he would jump me. In that unusually small area there wasn't any place I could move without him being there right on top of me. I knew we were playing the game but this was ridiculous. I just stood there helpless, unable to stop him from beating me. I lost something that night I can never hope to regain.

It was too much, I tell you. It was the most incredible game of checkers I ever played!



... TO HIM IT WAS ALL A GAME!

HAIRDO OF THE MONTH



This exciting new hairdo from the salons of Paris combines both the modern-day casual look with the old fashioned conservative styling, creating a tantalizing new coiffure. It is guaranteed to make you more attractive to the opposite sex. And the beauty part of it is—this hairdo looks even better on **girls**, rather than on the boy pictured here.

**BE A
PRIVATE SECRETARY
WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO TYPE--
OR TAKE DICTATION!**

Enroll At The

LAPWRITING School For Secretaries

Oompah, Pa.

With our time tested LAPWRITING Method we guarantee you an interesting position in a very short time And you don't even have to know how to write! All you need to know is how to disappear when the boss' wife visits the office!

As an extra added attraction, we will give you FREE a list of all U.S. Unemployment Offices in case things don't work out. In case things do work out, we will give you judo lessons instead. Send for free booklet "So You're On Your Last Lap Now?"



Now you can talk on the phone all day
and get paid besides!

Learn to be a SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR



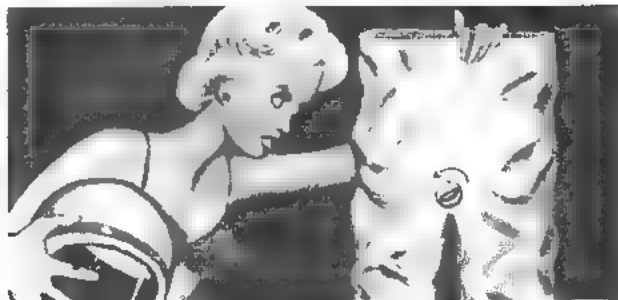
Now you can make calls to all of your friends and save on phone bills. You can also listen in on other peoples' calls and know everybody's business. Think of the possibilities. Use a tape recorder. Start your own black-mailing service.

While away those long hours in between calls by doing crossword puzzles, catching up on letters to friends and flirting with the salesman. Send for free 6,000-page pamphlet: "How To Tap A Wire."

**SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS
OF AMERICA**
Aintno, Mo.

IF MEN CAN DO IT,
WHY NOT WOMEN?

BE A FEMALE ASTRONAUT



Since women have taken over all the other men's jobs, the next logical step is Women Astronauts. Prepare yourself now on the ground floor and work yourself up—way way up.

We teach you everything there is to know about being an astronaut. The important things like:

- How To Make Speeches In Congress
- How To Wave From Open Cars In Parades
- How To Get Ticker Tape Out Of Your Hair

Act now—before they send us to the moon!

FEMALE ASTRONAUTS INC.
Watta, Mass.

A TEENAGE GIRL'S LAMENT:

MOTHER WARNED ME TO STAY AWAY FROM BOYS LIKE HERBIE KLOTZ!



...BUT HE WAS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER GUY IN MY LIFE!

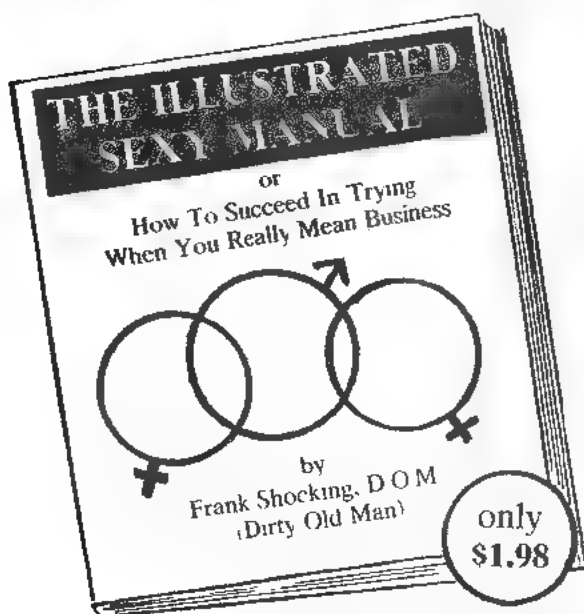
Yes, mother warned me about boys like Herbie Klotz. If she told me once she told me a thousand times, "Stay away from boys like Herbie Klotz!" But I was young and reckless and besides how could I? How could I when I felt closer to Herbie than any other boy I had ever known? How could I when our lives were so interwoven? How could I when we were actually living together under the same roof?

But it isn't as bad as it sounds. After all, we grew up together. As children we used to play together. In fact, we were always together. And we knew even then that when we got older we would still be together. We just both knew that it was more than just a simple boy-girl relationship.

Only mother kept insisting. "That Herbie Klotz," she used to say, "is a terrible boy. A delinquent. No good will ever come of him. You mark my words. Believe me, I know human nature. He's a bum. He's nothing but a bum. And he'll never be anything but a bum!"

That's what I kept hearing over and over again. I never knew a woman could hate a young boy so much. She kept telling me what a rotten person he was. But I didn't listen to mother. And why should I? After all, Herbie Klotz wasn't just another boy in my life. Herbie Klotz was my brother!

FACTS EVERY TEENAGER NEEDS



plus \$675, postage
(we mail it from Australia)

This book is written in straightforward, blunt language, mainly because the author is a straightforward, blunt man... You owe it to yourself to stop guessing, relying on superstition, following old-fashioned notions and other idiocies which rob you of happiness. You owe it to yourself to get this book which only robs you of \$1.98!

BLUNT FACTS WITH BLUNT ILLUSTRATIONS

This completely blunt 10,796-page book tells you all you have to know to get along with the opposite sex. If you want to get along with the same sex, just read it backwards. It bares all the facts, leaves nothing to the imagination and is such a sizzler it was banned in Greenwich Village!

DO NOT SEND MONEY

Send no money. Just fill in the coupon. The postman will then deliver your book. He will read you one chapter. If you don't get excited in 15 minutes, keep the book and send the postman back. We will send you another postman in a few days.

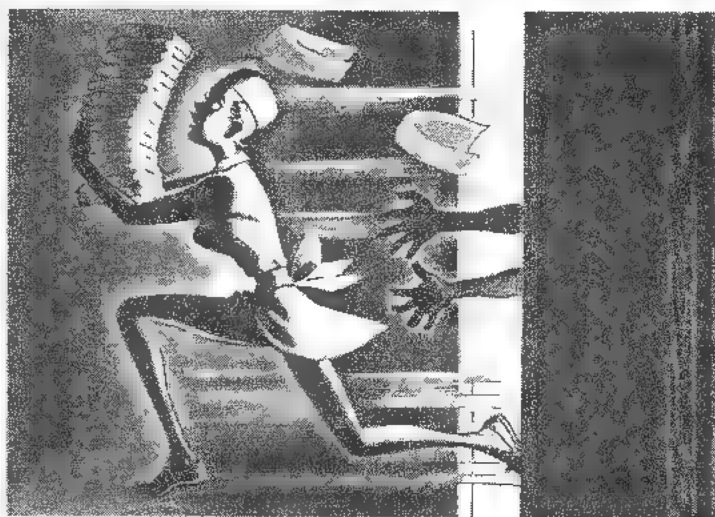
BLUNT Publishing Co.
Exciting, Mass.

Dept. S.E.X.

I am over 12 years old. I want to know everything there is to know about the opposite sex. Please rush book in plain brown wrapper. Book is free but wrapper costs \$20.00

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
SEX _____ (if none, write none)

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MAID AS A HOTEL CHAMBERMAID



Learn Your Trade At
LAWLESS HOTEL TRAINING INSTITUTE
Turner, Ky.

Chambermaids are now in big demand in hotel rooms all over the country—especially the young and pretty ones. We see to it that you are placed in a leading hotel room practically overnight!

LAWLESS Hotel Trainings equips people for all kinds of hotel work. We can't promise you a position as Hotel Owner. Then again, we won't promise you a position as a mere Scrubwoman. What we'll do is compromise. Act today and we will get you into a compromising position in one of the country's leading hotels!

Coming in the NEXT ISSUE of Teen Confessions

- **FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY WE EXCHANGED
MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS**
(I got him Mad, he got me Sick!)
- **THEY ALL AGREED HE WAS TOO OLD FOR ME!**
(He was 7, I was 3)
- **I LOVED HIM WITH ALL MY HEART!**
(until I got a transplant!)
- **LOVE ME, LOVE MY PIMPLES**
...and other heart-tugging stories!

Our favorite personality these days is lovable Tiny Tim and we never miss one of his sterling performances. But we're worried: What if something happened to him, like a cold or worse—a bad hair-cut. Who would replace him? It's obvious that a face like his couldn't be duplicated. Yet, there is a solution. Any good makeup man could fit the right person with a Tiny Tim nose and hairdo and come up with a reasonable facsimile. Here are some examples. See if you can identify them and choose the—

TINY TIM LOOK- ALIKE



Richard Nixon



Sam Levenson



Elizabeth Taylor



Richard Burton



Lyndon Johnson

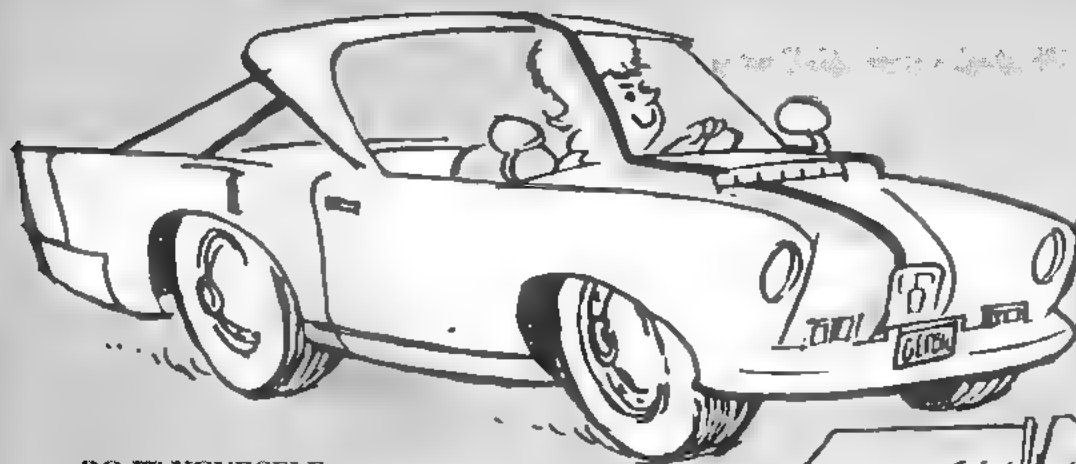


Spiro Agnew



Wern Zimbalist, Jr

SICK MAKES SPORT OF SECTION



DOMESTIC

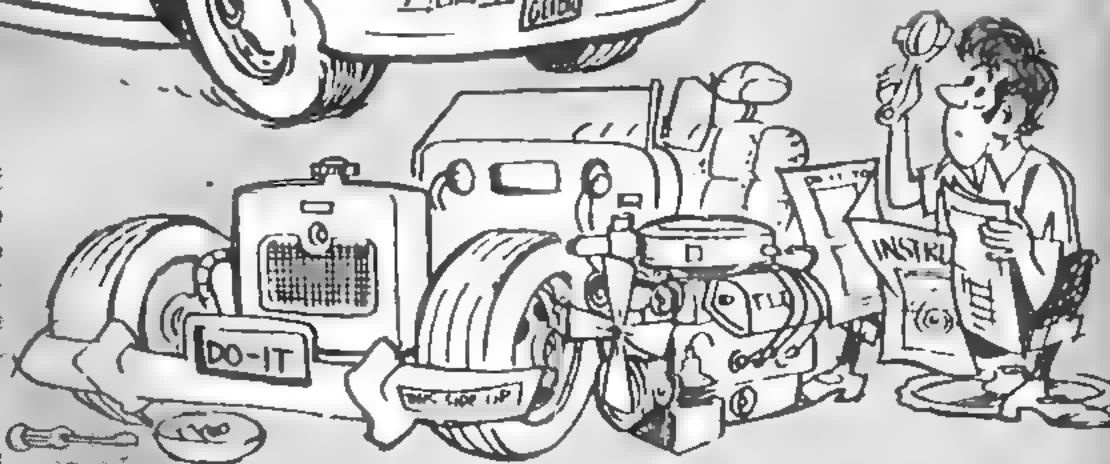
Strictly for the square. Made on assembly lines by the millions for the TV dinner-boob-tube-walk-the-dog crowd.

Price: \$4,500 FOB—
Altoona

DO-IT-YOURSELF

Kits are now available if you're the handyman type who likes to putter in the basement. We recommend an M/E degree in structural mechanics before you tackle.

Price: \$1.79—Woolworths

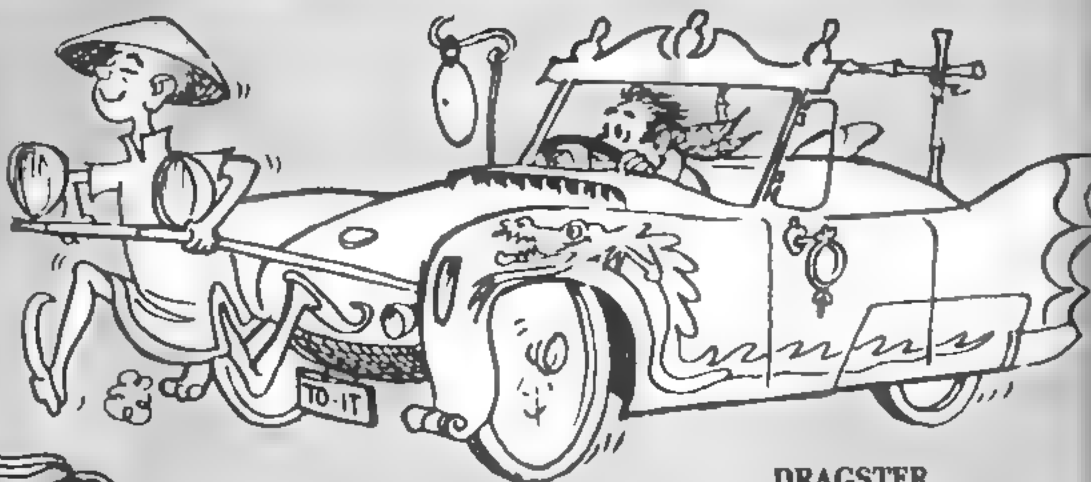


THE SPORTSCAR

FOREIGN

If you can't be a jet-setter, this will do. Completely transistorized and Solid State, gets 75 miles to the gallon of soy sauce.

Price: 15,000,000,000 yen



DRAGSTER

Even now the influence of pro drag racing is making itself known. Guaranteed to leave 4 pounds of rubber on your driveway as you take off for work.

Price: 3 tires per week*

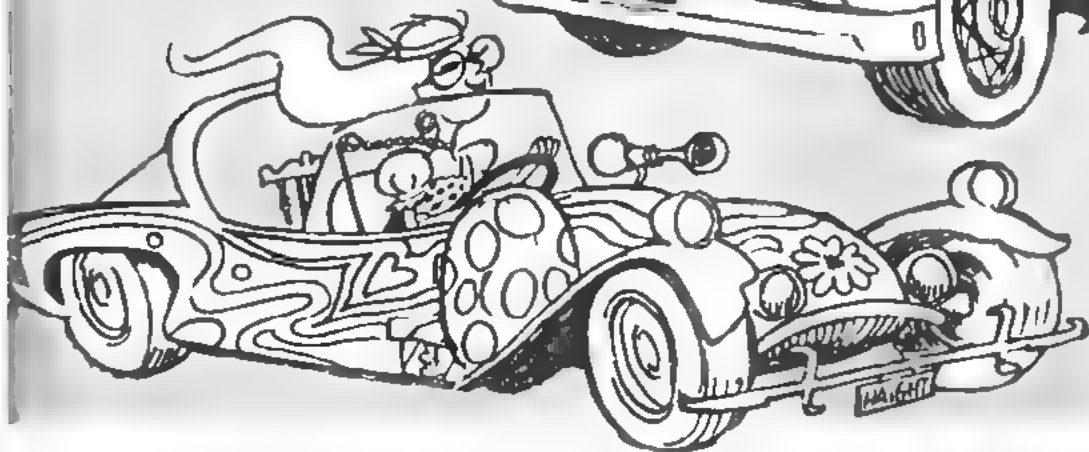
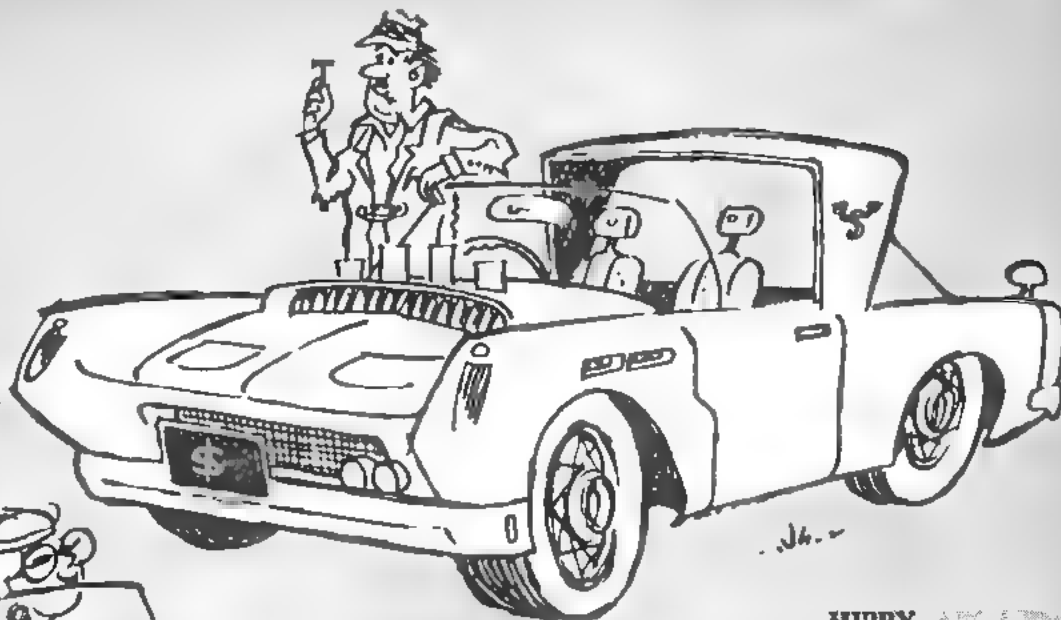
* Fox tail optional



CUSTOM

When not happy with the other options open to you, go custom. Make sure you're loaded with bread though, or you'll be eating crusts.

Price: If you gotta ask you can't afford it!



HIPPY

Has that woebegone pan-handled look so much in vogue with the IN crowd. Designed to look scroungy with stripes & flowers hand painted by Andy Pot-hole.

Competition in the Sportscar manufacturing complex has brought about a fierce war for the consumer dollar, with designers coming off the walls with new concepts. As a result, confusion reigns supreme in the sportscar market. Sick offers this helpful guide to add to it.



TEAMSTER

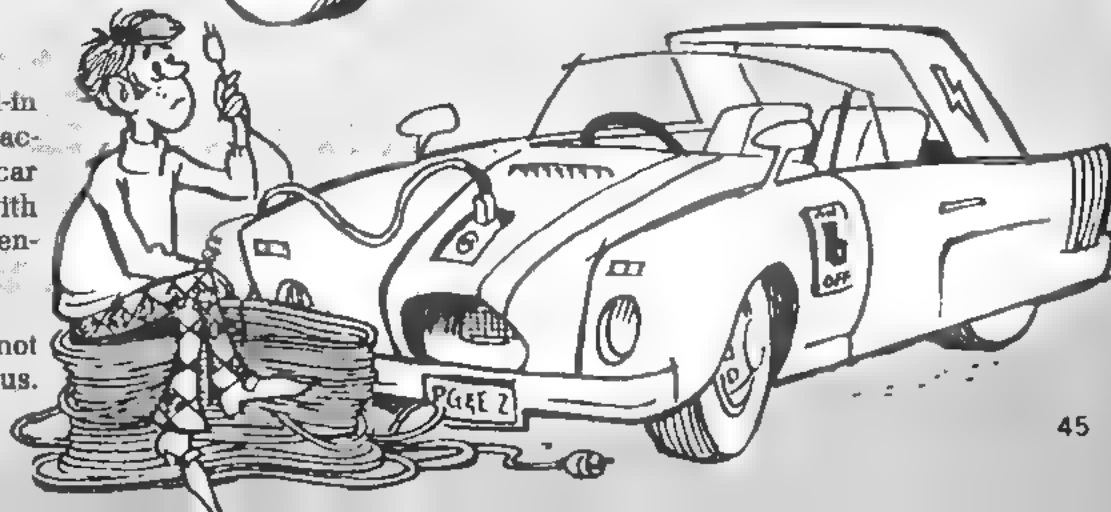
Diesel powered; made by Detroit for truck drivers and back-hoe operators. Especially suited for cruising the crowded freeways on Sunday Afternoon.

Price: \$11.50 an hour for anything under 30 hours

SWINGER

Aimed at the "plugged-in generation", the first practicable electric sportscar comes fully equipped with 3,000 kilometers of extension cord.

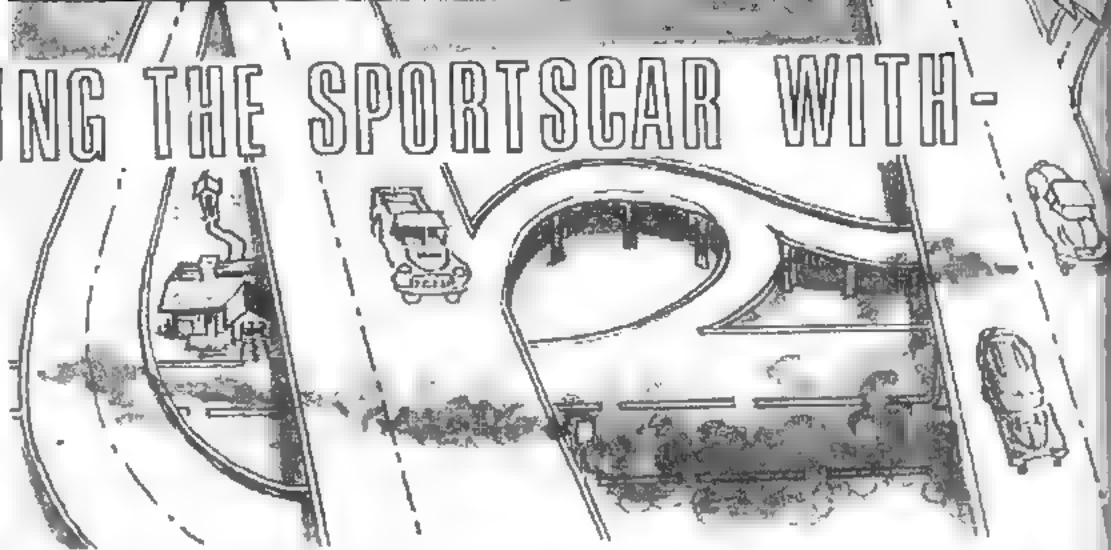
Price: Con Ed would not release the figures to us.



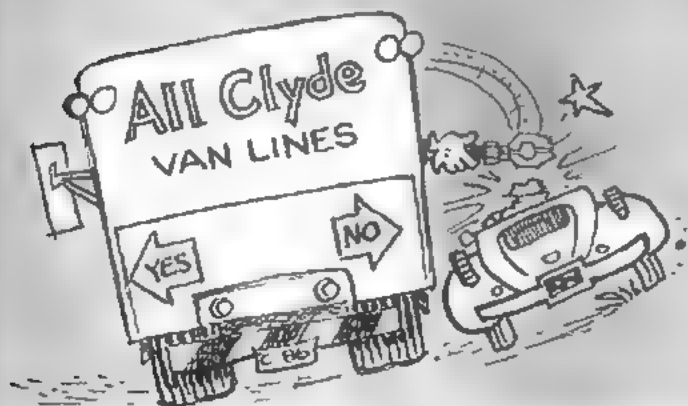
ROAD TESTING THE SPORTSCAR WITH-



Tom McCalabash



Road testing your new sports car can be a problem, what with the congestion on the highways. Sick Magazine commissioned



Don't pass on the left!



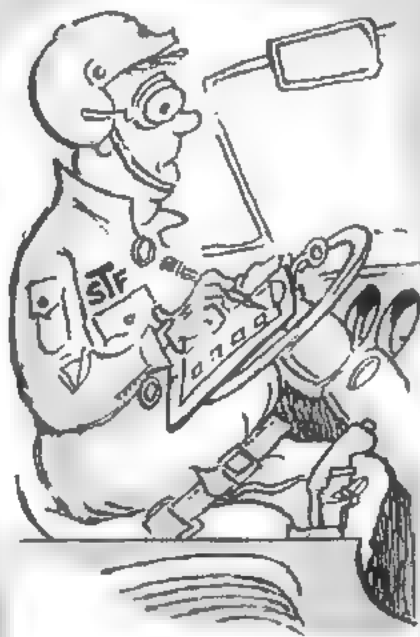
Obey all traffic directives

TOM McCALABASH CAME UP WITH THESE TIPS TO HELP TEST

Check your tires

Fasten your seatbelt

Record fuel consumption



TOM MCCALABASH, R.S.B.C.*

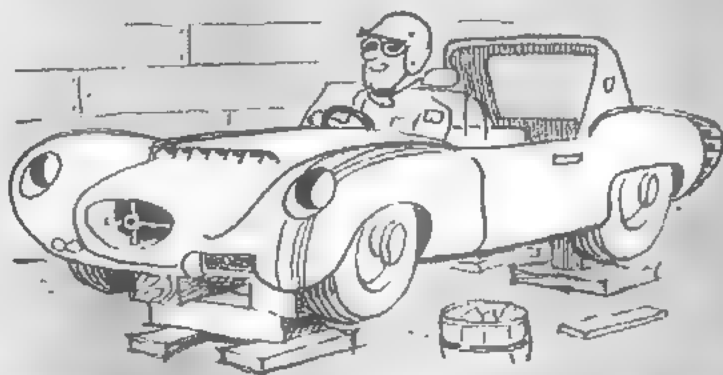
by Don Douglas

"Chicky" Tom McCalabash, foremost auto expert and road-hog without peer, to give us a few road testing pointers.

*Retired skate board champ



Avoid tailgating



Stay in your own garage

FOR PERFORMANCE

Record Tachometer

Record oil pressure

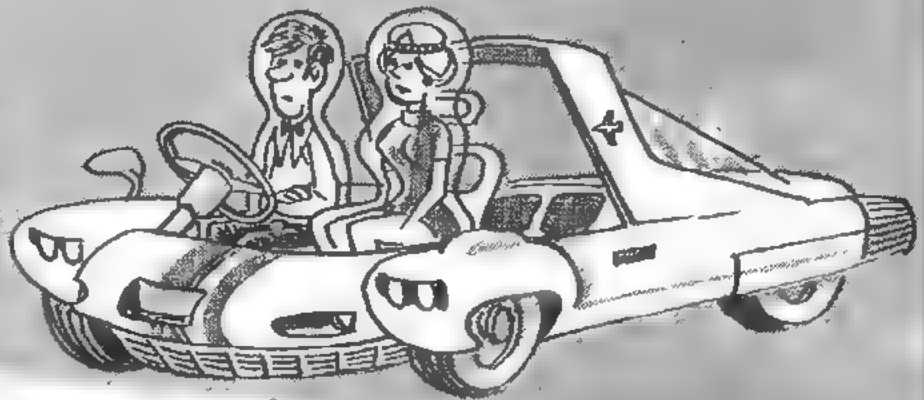
Record blood pressure



SPORTSCARS OF THE FUTURE!

WRAPAROUND WINDSHIELDS

An innovation which will completely eliminate the need for seatbelts.

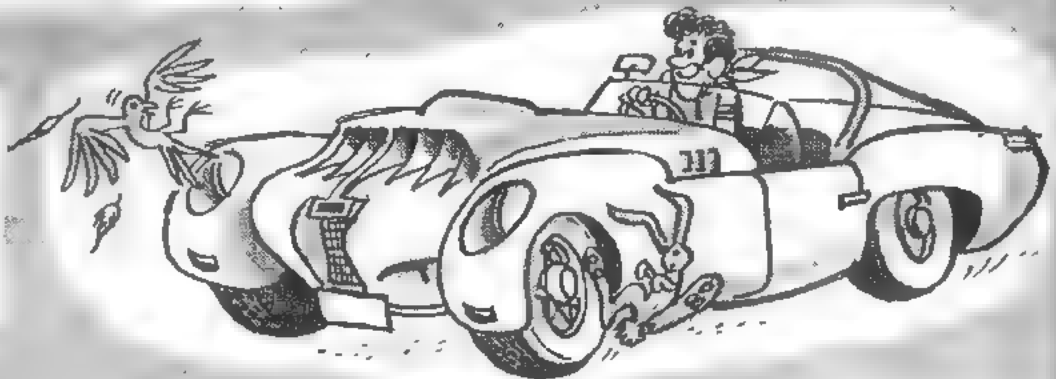


CONCEALED HEADLAMPS,

GAS TANKS, WINDOWS, ANTENNAS AND DOORS.

LARGER AIR SCOOPS

Detroit will discover a method of harnessing air pollution as a sportcar fuel.

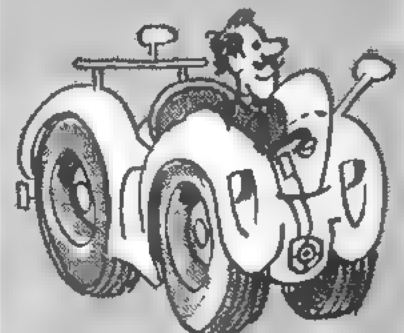
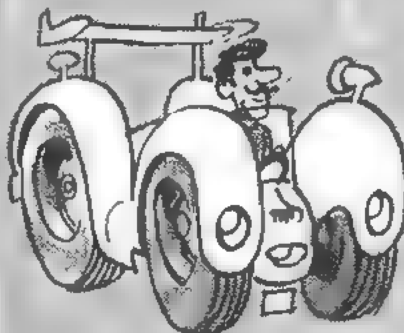
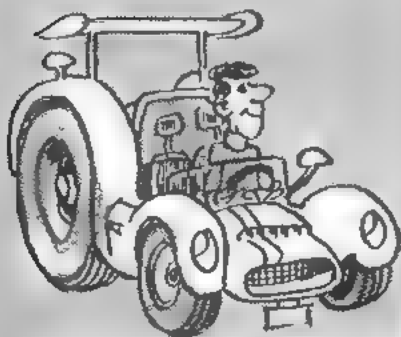


EVOLUTION of the SPORTSCAR CONGESTION ON

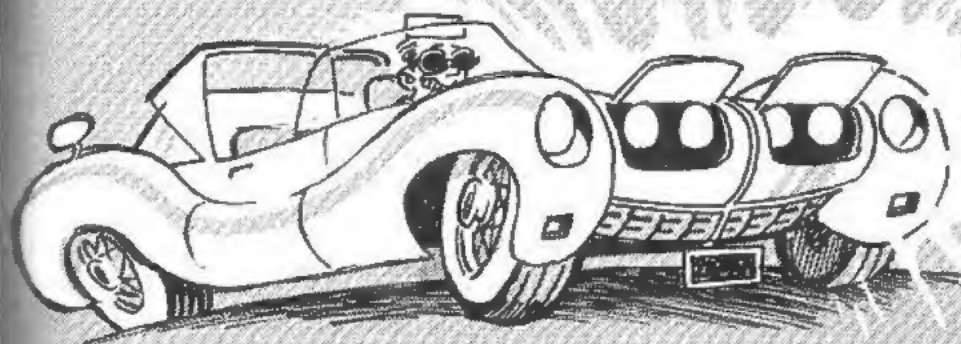
1975—Rear wheels larger...

1980—Front wheels larger...

1985—Single seaters...



The sportscar as it stands today is impractical, too expensive to run and maintain, unreliable, uninsurable, unpredictable, leaky, and drafty. These are just a FEW of the reasons young people love them. But with so much against them, changes will HAVE to come. Here are a few predictions—

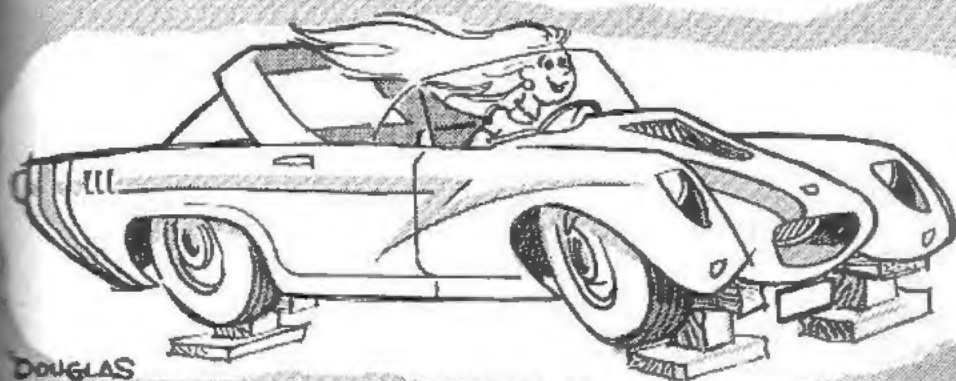
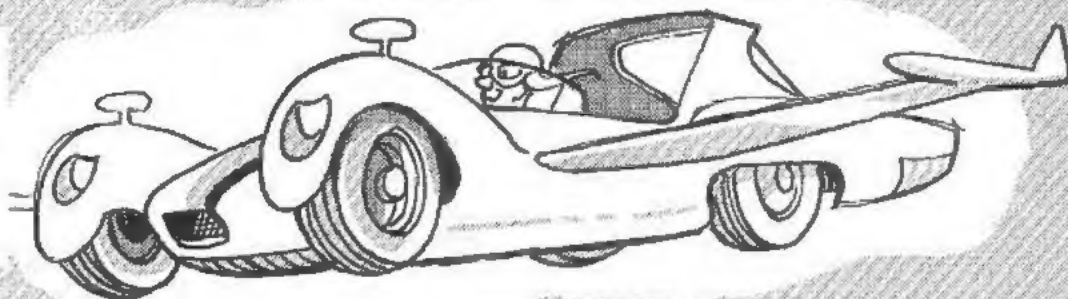


TRIPLE HEADLAMPS

Great for faking out the dummies in the opposite lane. Guaranteed to blind an approaching driver at 1.5 miles.

AIR FOILS

We won't be able to drive through traffic, so makers will add wings enabling us to rise above it.



RACING STRIPES

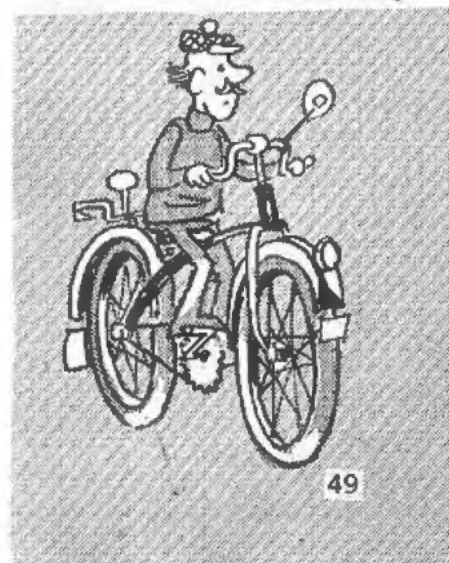
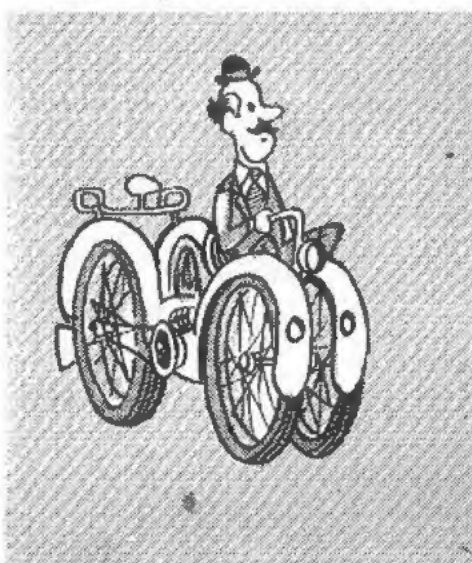
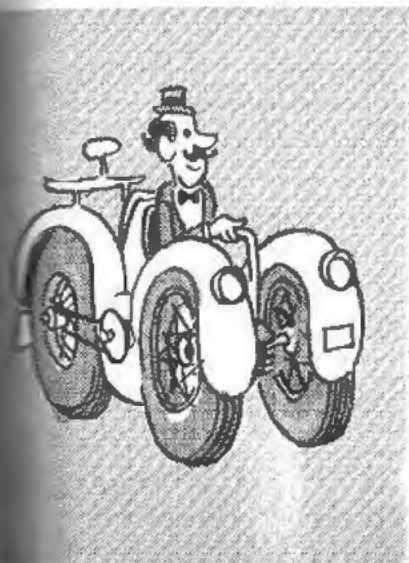
We won't be able to exceed a speed of 22.5 miles per hour, but cleverly designed stripes will give us all the feeling of the Indy 500.

THE HIGHWAYS, AIR POLLUTION AND THE INCREASING NEED FOR ECONOMY WILL LEAD TO:

1990—Smaller engines...

1995—Spartan chassis...

2,000—Turn of the Century.



moments like these don't deserve KADOK film

Aren't you sorry you have those pictures to remind you of those miserable moments last fall? Who wants to remember Johnny's broken leg? And why would anyone take a picture of Chester at that Dude Ranch when he fell off the horse and broke his back? Or Aunt Bertha when she rolled over the river bank and cracked seven ribs? True, we won't be making as much money here at Westman Kadok when you stop taking all of those worthless snapshots, but at least our conscience will be more at ease, when we're not brainwashing you to spend your hard-earned money on our products.

WESTMAN KADOK COMPANY, ROTTENCHESTER, N.Y.



**LET'S SPEND MORE
TAX MONEY
AND FILL UP THE CRATERS
OF THE MOON**

OTISM

DON'T LAUGH

SOMEDAY YOU'LL SLOW UP TOO

EXTRA CUTOUT BONUS

Since Mother is always scolding you about your terrible report card, here's your chance to get even. Just fill in the marks you think she deserves, and give it to her. Then watch out—'cause she'll probably give it to YOU, after seeing this...

REPORT CARD for Mothers

TO:

GENERAL STUDIES

- Nagging ☐
- Yelling ☐
- Screaming..... ☐
- Spanking..... ☐
- Bellyaching..... ☐
- Hairpulling..... ☐
- Tattletale-ing ☐
- Aggravating ☐
- Nauseous-making ☐
- Fighting With Father ☐
- Going Home to Grandma ☐

HOME STUDIES

- Cooking ☐
- Cleaning..... ☐
- Garbage-stacking ☐
- Telephone-talking..... ☐

APPEARANCE

- Before Breakfast..... ☐
- After Breakfast..... ☐
- When Father Comes Home .. ☐

ATTENDANCE

- Days Missed Because of
Nervous Breakdowns ☐
- Times Late Because of
Beauty Parlor ☐

SCORING

90-100: Excellent
60-70: Passing

80-90: Good

70-80: Fair

Under 60: Yech!

REMARKS:
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.....

Signed: